

VOL VI

*Dr. Danard*  
TEN CENTS A COPY.

No 129

# THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

July 30, 1884.



CONDUCTED BY

ALBION W. TOURGÉE

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW YORK 25 CLINTON PLACE

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## LEGEND OF THE WILLOW PATTERN.

In China once, as legends tell,  
A mighty mandarin did dwell  
In almost royal splendor.  
A Chinese collector of revenue, he,  
Collecting so much and so prudently  
That his wealth increased most enormously,  
And he soon was as rich as rich could be,  
And enjoyed every pleasure and luxury  
That so much money could render.

And a most magnificent house he planned,  
With beautiful gardens on every hand—  
A very palace, so lofty and grand  
That nowhere else in the Flowery Land  
Could be found its equal for splendor.  
The gardens covered ten acres of ground,  
And were famed for their fruits the country round,  
For wonderful oranges did abound,  
And nowhere else were such peaches found  
And every flower that ever was seen,  
Yellow or pink or blue or green,  
The Mandarin there had growing.  
And over the river a willow tree hung,  
And down so low its branches swung,  
It could hear all day the song that was sung  
By the water onward flowing.

But the mansion itself! No tongue could begin  
To tell all the wonders contained therein—  
Costly hangings and pictures were there;  
Such stores of China, so precious and rare!  
And such a collection of jewels as ne'er  
Were seen before. There were pearls so fair,  
Of every color from white to black,  
And diamonds enough to fill a sack,  
And every description of bric-a-brac—  
In short, not a thing did the palace lack;  
It was full from the roof to the cellar.

But fairer than jewel from mine or from sea  
Was the Mandarin's daughter, the charming Koong-see,  
A wonder of loveliness said to be,  
For fair as the blossoms of peach trees was she.  
The Mandarin thought of his wealth with pride  
And next of his daughter, and gayly cried,  
"Of some mighty lord she shall be the bride;  
For a nobleman of high degree  
Is just the son-in-law for me.  
But she's still too young as yet to be  
A wedded wife; but soon as she  
Is old enough I'll tell her."

Alas, alas! for the hopes so high,  
So safe, so wise, born but to die.  
As young birds oft are seen to fly,  
And light on some low bush close by,  
Nor can the old birds make them try

The feat of soaring to the sky.  
Just so the beautiful Koong-see  
Her troth had plighted secretly;  
And to no lord of high degree,  
For lowly born and poor was he  
On whom her love alighted.  
How strange the Fates should thus decree  
Her father's humble clerk should be  
The one she loved devotedly,  
To whom her troth she plighted.

The fair Koong-see was not too young  
To listen to love's flattering tongue;  
And Chang was handsome, clever, brave,  
Of his mad passion oft would rave,  
And for her love did humbly crave,  
Begged her his wretched life to save;  
For if she loved him not, a grave  
He soon would find beneath yon wave;  
No wonder that her heart she gave,  
And Chang's fond love required.

Beneath the drooping willow tree  
The lovers oft met secretly.  
Their own fond tones alone they heard,  
For naught the dusky stillness stirred,  
Except the notes of some wild bird

That fitfully was singing;  
And hand in hand the two would rove  
At nightfall through the orange grove.  
How light their feet! The happy pair  
Trod this dull earth as if 'twere air!  
But lighter still each happy heart,  
Whose only sorrow was to part,  
To meet again when in the West  
The sun was sinking to his rest.  
But oft before the blackest storm  
How bright the sun, each ray how warm!  
So on the loves of fair Koong-see  
And Chang a storm broke suddenly,  
And sharp the shaft as sharp could be  
That Fortune now was winging.

One sultry night the youthful pair,  
Without a thought of grief or care,  
Were sitting 'neath the willow fair,

When the Mandarin, finding the heated air  
Indoors was more than he could bear,  
By chance strolled near the willow tree,  
And found his daughter, fair Koong-see,  
With Chang beside her seated ;



THE RESIDENCE OF THE MANDARIN.

And Chang was making the fiercest love ;  
Koong-see was "his darling, his duck, his dove ;"  
She was "fairer than all the bright stars above"—  
Such words the Mandarin greeted.  
I'll leave you to guess the Mandarin's ire ;  
He cursed and reproached, threatened vengeance dire  
Against poor Chang, who had dared to aspire  
To the love of Koong-see, who was born to look higher  
Than any penniless upstart Chang,  
And who from the boughs of the willow should hang  
If e'er his offence he repeated.  
"Begone !" in thunder tones, he cried,  
And roughly pushing Chang aside,  
Who, stiff with terror, nought replied,  
He seized his trembling daughter.  
And dragged her home, and locked her up.  
"On bread and water shall she sup,  
Till solitude bath taught her  
That, with her rank, she never can  
Wed any low-born Chinaman.  
And now to carry out my plan.  
An uncommonly careless parent I've been,  
But, soon as the peaches to blossom begin,  
I'll marry her off to some wealthy Ta-jin—  
For her loving another I don't care a pin."

'Round his garden the Mandarin then built a wall,  
Clear down to the water ; 'twas massive and tall.  
"The next time that Chang makes an evening call  
He must come in a boat, or else not at all.  
Should he try my new fence, I fear he will fall."  
The Mandarin then, near his banqueting hall,  
To imprison Koong-see next built a new wing.  
"For refractory daughters 'tis really the thing ;  
To my banqueting hall its one door I'll bring.  
It abuts on the water, is airy, is high,  
And unnoticed by me not a soul can come nigh,  
The river's its only approach, and as I

Spend most of my time in eating,  
From my windows I see the whole stream at a glance,  
And can easily intercept Chang, if, perchance,  
He and Koong-see, in defiance of me,  
And of my parental authority,  
Should dare to dream of a meeting."  
The Mandarin was prompt to act,  
In his search displayed the greatest tact,

And the richest Ta-jin the world ever saw  
He soon had engaged for a son-in-law.

Then he went to Koong-see. "My daughter," said he,  
"Here's a box of rich jewels of great rarity,  
The Ta-jin has sent on for the wedding day."  
But Koong-see, with scorn, merely pushed it away.  
"Alas !" then cried she, "he can never please me,  
For I hear he is cross, just as cross as can be.  
And he's ugly, he's bold, he's as yellow as gold,  
And if everything's true that I have been told,  
He's certainly nearly a hundred years old.  
And if I to this horrid Ta-jin must be sold,  
In a very few days in death I'll be cold,  
And you'll be distracted with sorrow."

"Stuff and nonsense," the angry old Mandarin cried,  
"I never yet heard that any girl died  
Of grief, at the prospect of being a bride.  
In fact I've heard say that 'tis quite t'other way.  
But, as you well know, I will brook no delay,  
And the action that ought to be done to-day  
I never put off till to-morrow.

Just as soon as the peaches to blossom begin,  
You must hold yourself ready to wed the Ta-jin ;  
For, as that is the luckiest time of the year,  
I would not be doing my duty, 'tis clear,  
If at a less auspicious time you should wed,  
And curses, not blessings, might fall on my head."

Too soon, too soon the peaches bloomed  
For poor Koong-see, who then was doomed  
To give her hand to the old Ta-jin  
Who promptly came his bride to win.  
And came with so much pomp and pride !  
Clouds of retainers in his train did ride.  
There were troops of soldiers, and sounding gongs,  
And waving flags, and horsemen in throngs,  
And musicians singing their finest songs.

And forth went the Mandarin to meet the Ta-jin,  
And straight to his banqueting-hall led him in.  
"As weighty concerns should always begin



THE PURSUIT.

With eating and drinking—it would be a sin  
To delay when all's ready." And so mid the din  
Of cymbals and trumpets and gongs, they fell to  
At the Mandarin's feast without further ado.

But while each guest, with song and jest,  
Was making merry, Koong-see, all dressed  
In bridal garb, sat weeping.  
All hope had gone, for surely on  
The fatal hour was creeping.

Indeed she was plunged in the blackest despair,  
She was wringing her hands and tearing her hair,  
When the sound of a footstep broke on the air,  
Another moment—her lover stood there.  
Yes, her lover, her own, her faithful Chang,  
Who, unperceived in the noise and clang,  
And hurrying crowds of servants below,  
Had seized the chance to Koong-see to go.

"And now, Koong-see, let us haste, for we  
Must elope at once, and speedily,  
Another's bride you shall never be ;  
That is, if you really care for me,  
Your own devoted lover.  
We'll find some spot where Ta-jin's are not  
And live in some lovely, humble cot,  
That no one can ever discover.



THE FLIGHT.

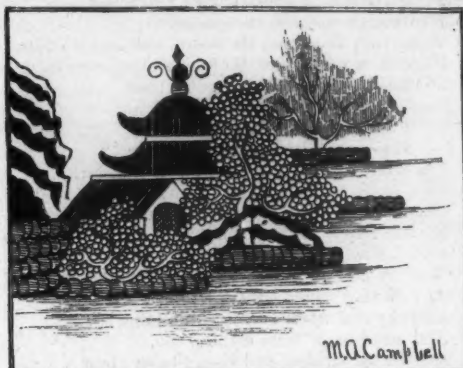
But as I don't mean that we shall be seen,  
We'll quietly steal out the back of the screen  
In the banqueting-hall, which has just been put there  
By the Mandarin's orders, to keep out the air."

Koong-see was willing, nay anxious to go,  
She never dreamed once of saying no,  
So, taking the gems, the Ta-jin's wedding gift,  
For, like all Chinese girls, she was noted for thrift,  
She gave them to Chang to carry.

Then hastily down the wide staircase they went,  
Through the banqueting-hall their cautious steps bent,  
Then next to the river they hurried so fast,  
And over the bridge with flying feet passed,  
In a low hut beyond finding refuge at last.  
Koong-see was already in bridal array.  
To be sure of each other, there was but one way ;  
So that very day, without any delay,

The lovers decided to marry.  
So, with only two humble friends to give aid,  
The wedding took place without noise or parade ;  
And carefully then in concealment they stayed ;  
For they knew the most rigorous search would be made  
By the angry Ta-jin when he found that he 'd been  
Completely and cruelly taken it.

While Chang and Koong-see were quietly  
And prudently getting married,  
The wedding guests all in the banqueting-hall  
The hours were spending in mad revelry.  
Said the haughty Ta-jin : "My bride I would see  
And I think it high time the wedding should be."  
So, at the behest of his much-honored guest,  
The Mandarin sent to Koong-see to request  
"Her to come and be married, and be sure to be dressed  
In the most magnificent garb she possessed,



THE HOME OF CHANG AND KOONG-SEE.

Not forgetting her jewels, et cetera, lest  
Instead of a Mandarin's daughter, she  
Of no rank at all would appear to be."

When it was known that the bird had flown,  
That the fair Koong-see had a will of her own,  
And had left nought behind but an empty cage,  
Imagine the horror, amazement, rage  
Of the great Ta-jin ! He vowed "he would wage  
The fiercest war the whole country round,  
Till the vile, unworthy girl was found,  
Who, for some foolish whim,  
Had dared to slight him,  
When his cup of joy seemed full to the brim.  
As for that low Chang who had run off with her,  
To find him at once he 'd make such a stir,  
That the lowest depths of the earth or sea  
Could not hide him from vengeance. So saying, he  
Called together his men, bid them set forth again,  
Too long already they 'd tarried.



CHANG AND KOONG-SEE.

They hunted here, they hunted there—  
In vain—they hunted everywhere.  
They could not find the faithful pair,  
Who, from their safe concealment, ne'er,  
Except at night-time, ventured out,  
When not a foe was seen about.



For three whole weeks Chang and Koong-see  
Had been concealed successfully.  
When they heard, on the morn, the angry Ta-jin  
Himself would search the house they were in.  
So that very night Chang got a boat,  
So that he and Koong-see could float  
Far, far down the stream,  
Ere morn's first gleam.

The wind was high and the night was dark,  
As silently on the frail little bark  
Went sailing away with Chang and Koong-see,  
Both as happy as they could be.  
And the only baggage that they put in  
Was the box of jewels sent by the Ta-jin;  
And on they sailed till the sunlight came,  
And sky and water seemed all aflame;  
And other boats were sailing, too,  
Adown the stream, and then Chang knew  
The great Blue River they had gained,  
And safety was at last attained.

They now took out the jewels rare  
And prudently sold them here and there,  
Till of money they had a bountiful share.  
And seeing one day an island which lay  
Alone on the waters, from towns far away,  
They bought it at once, determined to stay  
There forever, if nothing occurred to prevent.  
The swift years came and as swiftly went,  
Bringing nothing to Chang and Koong-see but content;  
But the angry Ta-jin was searching yet—  
The affront he had suffered he couldn't forget,  
Much less think of forgiving.  
Down dale and up hill he was searching still,  
Declaring the two faithful lovers he'd kill,

And he'd never cease seeking the wretches until  
He'd discover where they were living.

And one fatal day he found out the way  
To the isle that far out on the Blue River lay.  
No time did he waste; he set out in haste,  
And sweet already his vengeance did taste.

Alas! poor Chang! He fought long and well,  
But, pierced by a hundred sharp daggers, he fell.  
And said the Ta-jin: "To Koong-see I will tell  
The fate of her lover; and then she will see  
The result of preferring another to me."

But when the Ta-jin-reached the home of Koong-see  
He found it in flames; for, seeing that he  
Had killed her dear Chang, she set it on fire;  
And as the fierce flames mounted higher and higher,  
And to join her dear Chang was her only desire,  
She made her loved home her funeral pyre.

Then the gods, to reward the constancy  
Of such faithful lovers, made a decree  
That into two doves they then changed should be.  
But as for the cruel Ta-jin, as 't was he  
Had caused the deaths of both Chang and Koong-see,  
He should perish himself, and most miserably.

And though all this happened so long ago  
In the Flowery Land, they still can show  
The willow tree, where Chang used to go  
To meet the Mandarin's daughter.  
And often yet do the poets sing  
How the two to their island home still cling,  
For the doves are forever upon the wing  
Above the shining water.

JANE CAMPBELL.

## WAS IT CHANCE?

BY HENRY C. WINTER.

### CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years ago three persons were seated in the front room of a humble little log-house, situated on the corner of two cross-roads in the township of Trafalgar, Canada West—now called Ontario. Those persons were—first, a woman, young, handsome, silent and sullen—Jeanie McIntyre; second, a man, gay, light-hearted, merry—Sandy Fairfax; and, third, a little girl, golden-haired, blue-eyed, a sweet Scotch daisy, whose pretty and appropriate name of Margaret had been reduced to Peggy.

Little Peggy McIntyre was singing softly to herself, playing with her doll, and using a needle and thread under the fascinating delusion that she was sewing. Sandy was carving the initials of his name on a hickory walking-stick, to the tune of the "Flowers of Edinboro'," which his lips emitted in a low, mellow whistle. Jeanie was knitting socks, her lips compressed, and her head bent close to her work, while the knitting-needles went "click-click" with wearisome monotony. But, her ears not being stopped, the sweet notes of her favorite melody entered them, and, penetrating to her heart, sent a dew-like moisture to her dark eyes. As she had many a time said, it was the blitheliest air in the world, and there was never a lad could whistle it like Sandy Fairfax; but she had no mind to let him see that it had drawn tears this time, so she turned to the window, bent closer to her knitting, and winked her

eyes several times. Her vision cleared, and the moisture evaporated, but her industry flagged; and soon she dropped her hands listlessly on her lap, and sat looking out of the window at the softly falling snow.

"Auntie," said little Peggy, "it's no goin' to be a great storm, is it?"

"Yes, I think it is, dear."

"Eh, my! But I'm sorry. Mither had her braw new bonnet on, and won't the ribbon get a wettin'!"

"She'll no be out in it, dearie; they'll have reached the town lang syne."

Having finished his work, Sandy put his stick away, and sauntered, whistling, to the other window. He stopped whistling at once, and, with a smothered exclamation, turned to Peggy, and put his hand on her yellow curls.

"It's growin' dark, and the snaw's fallin' fast. Will ye come to the byre, lassie, till we see to the beasts?"

"Eh, yes, Cousin Sandy, to be sure I will." Peggy stirred herself busily, tied on her hood and cloak, and was ready in a few minutes. "The puir beasties!" she said, as she slid her little hand into that of Sandy Fairfax, large, strong and shapely, "and my Cherry's no weel at all, Sandy. You remember you said if she wasna better to-night she was to hae a fine bran-mash for a night-cap."

Sandy laughed pleasantly, and assured Peggy her cow



should have the promised "night-cap," and, "maybe a wee drop toddie in it, too."

As they left the house together, and presently passed by the window chatting and laughing, Jeanie's glance followed them, longingly, and dwelt with many changing expressions on the tall, lithe, slender figure of Sandy Fairfax, for she loved the young man, and she knew that he loved her—at least she would have known it, only she was under the spell of her familiar, to whom her heart was continually giving free board and lodging; and, for the present, neither poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East could bring calm to her sullen, angry, unreasonable spirit.

Jeanie watched Peggy and Sandy till she could no longer see the faintest outline of their forms through the thickening snow and gathering dusk. Then, knowing herself to be quite alone, her pent-up feelings burst forth in a torrent of muttered complaint.

"He didn't love her—he had never loved her—not even enough to deny that he cared for Mary Browne—the bold-faced, loud-voiced hussy! He had sat by her side all Sunday morning at church, and sang out of the same psalm-book, and looked on her book while the minister read the text for the sermon—as if he had neither psalm-book nor Bible of his own! When church was over he had put Mary Browne in the sleigh, and took the offer of a place by her side as far as the cross-roads, and all because the McIntyre sleigh was over-crowded! O fine!—and did he think to make her believe he was making room between himself and Mary Browne for *her*, only she had turned back and wouldn't answer when he called her. 'Twas likely, indeed, either he or his companion wanted a listener to their conversation—aye, aye—two was company and three—I might be a silly old saying, but it was true!"

At that thought poor Jeanie, who had what her brother Duncan called "a temper of her own," flung her knitting to the farthest corner of the room, flung herself down on the floor, and, all huddled together, her head bent on her arms, gave way to passionate tears and sobs.

Long and wild raged the tempest of her grief; then vanished in the face of a deadly fear. What was that? A cry? Yes; there it was again. A loud cry—piercing and terrified—a childish voice—

"Auntie—Auntie!"

She turned cold at the sound, as she groped her way toward the door, for the room was now quite dark, and she had not thought of candles. But before she could reach it the door was flung open, and Peggy burst in, repeating her terrified cry.

"I'm here," answered her aunt, clasping the frightened child in her arms. "What is it, dearie?"

"Sandy's killed—Sandy's killed!"

Jeanie McIntyre neither screamed nor fainted. She put the child from her quickly but gently.

"Stay quiet, my bairn. I'll be back soon. Wait here for me," she said, and was gone.

The snow was but a thin veil on the well-broken path that led to the barn, and her steps fell so light and swift they scarce left an impress; but to her heart, that far out-ran them, her feet seemed shod with lead.

"God forgive me! Oh, God forgive me! Let me reach him in time to speak one word—only one word!"

It was a prayer that said itself over and over within her soul; but no word left her lips. She was afraid of the sound of her own voice. What cruel words—cruel, unjust, and untrue—that voice had spoken against her love but a few short minutes ago.

Her unconscious speed soon brought her to the barn,

and, standing in the open doorway, she paused to listen, wishing she had questioned Peggy; but a low groan from within answered the question she would have asked.

"Sandy," she whispered.

No answer.

"Sandy," she called, in a broken tone; and, what seemed the ghost of his voice, replied to her:

"Jeanie, lass, is it you?"

"Yes, laddie, dear, dear laddie! Where are ye, Sandy? What's happened?"

"Naething sae dreadful, Jeanie. I've just had a fall, and I'm hurt, may be. I think my leg's broke, or something o' that kind. I'm afraid the puir bairnie was sair frightened. I heard her screams, but I couldna raise my voice to call to her. There's a candle and some matches in the corner there, by the manger. Make a light, dear, and we'll see the amount o' the damage."

Jeanie quickly found the articles, and struck a light. Then, carefully shading the flame with her hand, she reached her lover where he lay in a heap on the floor, and in much worse plight than he was willing to acknowledge.

After housing the cows, and seeing to their comfort for the night, Sandy had told little Peggy that her pet, Cherry, no longer needed a bran-mash, but should have a bundle of hay instead of it, and he had climbed up to the hay-mow to get it. It was already nearly dark, and his boots were slippery from the snow. He missed his footing, and in the effort to save himself, rolled over the side of the loft, and fell heavily to the floor beneath. His leg was broken, and the shock and pain had rendered him for a few seconds almost unconscious.

Jeanie saw at once that he was badly hurt. His handsome, ruddy face was pale and wan, and his lips were pallid, and drawn with pain. Her heart contracted with anguish at the sight of his suffering, but she was far too brave and sensible to allow her feelings to overcome her. Had her arms been as strong as her heart was willing, she would have raised him like a child, and would so have carried him to the house. That was impossible, and all she could do was to make him as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and then hasten for help. She dared not undertake to move him, but she raised his head, and placed the unlucky bundle of hay so that it served for a pillow; and then she found an old bottle that she could make use of for a candle-stick. She placed the light where it would be safe from the draught, and then she knelt down beside her lover. Folding her arms about him, she kissed him fondly and passionately, and said to him in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"My hairt is sair for you, Sandy, dear. Dinna try to move, laddie. I'll be back this minute."

Even more quickly than she had come, she now flew back to the house.

Peggy had obeyed her aunt literally. Too frightened and grief-stricken even to think of looking for the candle, the child had sunk down on the floor where she was standing, and her aunt nearly stumbled over her when she entered.

"Is that you, Peggy? Come, my lamb, get up and help me. Sandy's not killed, but he's badly hurt, I fear."

At the sound of these words, Peggy ceased sobbing. Jeanie soon found the candle, and lighted it at the smouldering embers in the fire-place. In her previous anger and abstraction she had allowed the wood to burn away, till the fire was almost out; but now she

hastened to replenish it, bringing a large "back-log" from the wood-pile outside, and placing several small sticks in front of it.

During this time Peggy, directed by her aunt, had put on extra out-door wraps, and was ready to give such help as was required of her.

"You'll go on to the barn, dearie," said Jeanie, "and carry these things carefully. Tell Sandy I'll be after you in a wee while."

She gave into the child's charge a flask of whisky and a cup, also the best she had been able to improvise in the way of supper.

"The pair lad ate but little dinner," she added, "and it's a lang fast till morning. He mustna be hungry, for that would make him faint."

Having dispatched Peggy, her aunt rolled up one of the smallest mattresses, a blanket, and a pillow, and carried them to the barn. Peggy was already there, and between them they contrived to get Sandy Fairfax on the mattress. Jeanie covered him with the blanket, and gently placed the pillow under his head; then, directing Peggy what to do, and how to wait on him, she hastened away for help. First she returned to the house, and put on her warmest cloak and hood, and, as the snow was falling fast, and already deep enough to make walking difficult, she kilted her skirts as she had been wont to do at home in the highlands, when she followed the cows among the heather. She then gave a last look around the room, saw that the fire was safe, blew out the candle, and moved toward the door.

Considering the great necessity for haste, and also her own decided and energetic character, there was now something strangely slow and lingering about the movements of Jeanie McIntyre. When at last she opened the door, instead of hastening forth on her errand she stopped short, and looked about, almost wildly, in every direction. There was no sign of any habitation, save the one she was now leaving, to be seen on any side of her. To the eastward there was no dwelling-house within a distance of seven miles. The only sleigh and team belonging to her own family had been taken by her brother when he started with his wife for the nearest town, a distance of full twenty miles, and there was small chance of their return before the following day or even later, now that the storm had set in. She turned toward the west and glanced reluctantly down the road. A little less than three miles along that way lived their nearest neighbor, Cyrus Tobin; and his house had the further advantage of being on the direct road to the dwelling of Dr. Wright, the only physician in the neighborhood.

Jeanie had strong reasons for not wishing to go to Tobin for any favor, but she knew there was no help for it. With a short, impatient sigh, she said aloud, "Needs must when the deil hauds the whip," and pulling the door shut after her with a forcible clang, she set out on her walk at her best speed.

## CHAPTER II.

THOUGH the walking was difficult and the long winter night had now closed in darkly, while the thick-falling snow was blown in her face as she hurried along, Jeanie never slackened her pace till she stopped before Cyrus Tobin's dwelling. It was a large frame house, and stood at some distance from the road, with a path leading from the gate up through the front garden to the door.

The curtains were drawn, but the front room on the right hand side was lighted, and Jeanie knew that the

master of the house was at home, for that special apartment was sacred to him. He affected literary tastes; and the room from which the lighted candle now showed forth, like a good deed in a naughty world, was called the library.

Jeanie gave herself no time to think, but knocked loudly on the front door, and while she waited she shook the snow from her cloak, unkilted her skirt, and flung back her hood that she might be recognized at once, and the starry snowflakes fell like jewels among her dark hair. The door was opened almost immediately, the master of the house answering the knock himself, and bearing the candle in one hand, while with the other he shaded the flame from the wind and snow that rushed in to meet it.

The light fell on Jeanie's face, pale, wild and agitated, and Cyrus Tobin, though little given to surprise or any exhibition of feeling, uttered an exclamation which might have been supposed to indicate astonishment, slightly touched with anxiety.

"Miss McIntyre! And on such a night! Has anything happened?"

"Yes," Jeanie answered, entering and closing the door. "Sandy Fairfax has met with an accident."

She used her best English, of which she was rather proud; and there was but the slightest trace of the Scotch accent that made her voice so rich and winsome when she was at home among her own people.

"Oh!"

That single monosyllable was Mr. Tobin's answer to her anxious and hurried words regarding Sandy, and that was uttered in a tone that intensified her already bitter dislike of him. He turned slowly toward the room he had come from; he didn't ask Jeanie to accompany him, but she followed, uninvited. He motioned her to a seat, however, and placing the candle on his writing-table sat down directly opposite her. She found herself obliged to look at him, though his countenance was the last view in the world that she would have chosen for contemplation; and while she was speaking her eye unconsciously took in each detail of his appearance.

He was of medium height, and of a spare figure. His hair was a pale, lustreless straw-color, harsh, dry, and dead-looking. It lay flat and straight upon the brow, and thin and wisp-like around the long, narrow head. His eyes were pale, too, of a blue-gray, and so closely set together that they gave a very crafty expression to his sallow face. His brow and eyelashes were scarcely perceptible, for they matched his hair both in color and quantity. His nose was long and thin, with large, heavy nostrils, almost constantly in motion, that gave him at once a ridiculous and sensual appearance. His mouth was wide, thin-lipped and cruel, particularly when he smiled. He smiled now at Jeanie, and seemed about to speak; but she hastened to do so before he could put his thought into words.

"I've come to ask a favor of you, Mr. Tobin," she said. "Will you lend me a horse and sleigh to go for Dr. Wright?"

"If I should do a favor for anybody to-night, Jeanie McIntyre, it would be for you."

"Thank you, sir. I thought you wouldn't refuse me."

"But I haven't promised yet," Mr. Tobin continued, with his crafty, cruel smile. "I might ask a favor in return."

"Anything, sir, anything that I can do I will do it," Jeanie hastened to say.

"You can do it, and you happen to be the only

person in the world who can do it, Jeanie. But stop a minute. Sandy Fairfax, I think you said, is the person that 's in need of the doctor."

"Yes, sir. He 's had a fall and broken his leg, poor lad!"

"Whew!"

Mr. Tobin made his mouth into a hideous pucker, and gave a long, shrill whistle. He then condescended to remark:

"That 's a serious matter, and there 's no time to lose."

Jeanie shivered and grew paler.

"I know that well," she said. "There 's not a moment to lose. Dr. Wright lives in Streetsville, ten miles there and back, and much time lost already. Oh, come, sir," and she rose and moved toward the door. "Name your favor. I'll not refuse you, only lose no more time."

"Wait a bit. The matter must be settled to my liking first. That done I'll make up for lost time by fast driving. Black Bess is a quick goer, and I 'm a good driver. Now, answer me. This Sandy Fairfax is the man you love, eh?"

Jeanie did not blush. She became, if possible, more pale, and her lips were set with pain and anger. Her breath came quick and short, as she answered in a low tone, "Yes, I do love him."

"Then the favor I want of you is to stop loving him."

The girl gave a slight contemptuous laugh. "I'll never do that," she answered quietly.

"And I want you to begin loving some one else," Mr. Tobin continued, as if he had not heard her.

Jeanie replied impatiently, "You 're wasting my time, sir. I must be going. Since you 're not willing to oblige me, I must walk to Dr. Wright's."

"You know that 's impossible as well as I do, my girl: There 's a blinding snow-storm without, and you 'd be lost in it. Besides, it would be morning before you could reach there—if you lived to struggle through. And what 's to become of Mr. Fairfax and his broken leg in the meantime? There 's danger enough as it is in this weather, and if the limb isn't set before morning the chances are he 'll die, or lose his leg anyhow."

A groan of agony burst from Jeanie. The man's cruel words had only uttered her own thought. She turned toward him, her clasped hands rung together in anguish. "O, for God's sake, man, have you no heart?" she cried. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be my wife."

"Your wife," Jeanie echoed the words stupidly, though his meaning was clear enough; for it was not the first time he had named the subject to her. With an effort she sought to gather her faculties together, that she might parry the question without giving him offence by an abrupt refusal.

"Haven't you but now asked me if I loved another man, and didn't I answer you yes," she said.

"Never mind that now—it isn't a question of love, but of marriage. Be my wife, and I'll wait for the rest."

Jeanie knew the man well enough to understand that he was in earnest; and as she felt beforehand the consequence of refusing him, a cold horror took possession of her. She turned sick at heart; there was a sound in her ears like the rumble of distant thunder. She felt dizzy, and grasping at the back of the chair, from which she had risen, she dropped into the discarded seat again.

"You know that you ask an impossibility," she murmured faintly, but he understood the words.

"It's not impossible at all—and you 're not the wo-

man I take you for if you hesitate any longer. Stop a minute—listen to me. The man you love is in danger; if he 's neglected it will be great danger. Unless a miracle is wrought you can't get a doctor to-night without my help. The days of miracles are past. I'll not lend my help unless you promise to be my wife."

"And what 's to hinder me from breaking such a promise?" Jeanie interrupted, desperately.

"You'll not break it. I'll make it too sacred for that. You must swear on the Bible to keep your promise, and I'll take the risk of your breaking such an oath. I know your Scotch Presbyterian nature. You may die—but you'll not break your promise. Come, now; your answer, once for all, Jeanie McIntyre. You see that clock. The hand points to nine. Give me the promise I ask, and before midnight a doctor will be with your cousin, and he'll be saved by you. Refuse, and though he died in your arms, and all belonging to you were to drop dead alongside of him, you get no help from me."

Jeanie's lips unclosed to remonstrate, to entreat. But one look showed her it would be worse than useless. The man before her had sworn to marry her, and she knew it. His opportunity had now come—was he likely to let it pass? Her face grew as hard and almost as cruel as his own. At that moment she felt that she hated him even more than she loved Sandy Fairfax; and yet the one chance to save poor Sandy—*could* she cast it from her? She turned her gaze from Tobin's detested face, and the bonny blue eyes and yellow hair of her young Scotch lover seemed to rise before her.

"I give you my promise," she said, hoarsely; "but you'll rue it."

Tobin stretched his hand toward a bookshelf close beside him, and took from it a small Bible, with silver clasps.

"When will you marry me?" he asked, carefully unfastening the clasps.

"What matter when?—any time. Since I'm to marry you at all, one time is no better than another."

"We'll say on Easter Sunday, then. It 's the middle of winter now. That will give you time enough. Besides, I must get my house ready for a mistress. You solemnly vow and promise to become my wife on Easter Sunday?"

He opened the Bible and held it toward her.

"If we both live till then, and if the help you sell me to-night is the means of saving my cousin Sandy's life," Jeanie answered, bitterly. "It 's a bargain; but I must be sure of my share in it."

"Be it so; it 's a bargain."

Jeanie took the Bible, and with an irrepressible shudder raised it to her lips. The book had opened at Numbers, Chap. XXX., and as Jeanie reverently pressed her lips to the page, her eyes rested on these words:

"Then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand."

The words were not new to her—she knew her Bible thoroughly; but they now possessed a personal and terrible significance, and in that brief glance they were graven as if in letters of fire on heart and brain.

Tobin received the volume from her hand, refastened the clasps, and returned it to the bookshelf; and then, with business-like promptitude, proceeded to keep his share of the compact.

"Stay here," he said. "I'll call the man to help me, and as soon as the sleigh is ready I'll come for you."

Jeanie made no answer, and he hurried away. She



could not remain quiet—her anxiety was too great; but she resolutely dismissed from her mind all thought of the price she was paying for this ride to the doctor. Her thoughts were full of Sandy Fairfax, and she gladly allowed the subject to engross her attention, to the exclusion of all else.

She rose and paced the room to and fro with quick, impatient steps, her gaze constantly turning to the face of the clock, whose loud, monotonous "tick-tick" seemed to strike on her heart with each sway of the great brass pendulum.

It had already struck the hour, and in six minutes and a half after nine she heard the sound of bells, and knew that the sleigh was at the door. She was outside, and had taken her place before Tobin observed her presence.

"I always said you were a smart girl, Jeanie," he chuckled, taking the seat beside her and tucking the buffalo robe close about her, and, with even more care, about himself. "Ah! you'll be a rare fine mistress for this house, and I'll be proud of you, too. You're the handsomest girl for fifty miles round about, and well you know it."

He had caught up the reins while he spoke, and the jingle of the sleigh-bells drowned the sound that broke from Jeanie's lips; and the tears that sparkled on her eyelashes might have been nothing more than the melted snow blown there, to her companion, if he chanced to notice them.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. TOBIN had not overpraised the speed of his mare nor his own skill as a driver, and the white trees and fences seemed to be flying past them. Occasionally Jeanie's companion addressed a word or two to her, but when she answered it was only in monosyllables; and, indeed, she scarcely heard the man's voice, for the rushing wind, the blinding snow and the merry ringing of the sleigh-bells made an ample excuse for remaining unconscious of all else. A weight like lead seemed pressing on her heart. A heavy punishment for her sullen moods and causeless jealousy had fallen on her, and in the darkness of the cloud that lay on her soul she felt that God had forsaken her.

"A judgment has come upon me," she thought. "I have brought it on myself, but surely the chastisement is heavy!" But even in the depth of her despair she prayed fervently that she might find the doctor at home; and when, presently, she knew that petition was answered, it seemed a sign to her that Heaven was not utterly closed against her.

"You are exhausted, Miss McIntyre—you are ill with fatigue and anxiety," said Dr. Wright, gently, as he led her into his little sitting-room. "Sit down, my dear, and rest for a few minutes. I won't keep you long."

He was a kind old man, and he drew forward his one easy-chair and insisted that Jeanie should occupy it. But it was impossible for the poor girl to remain seated, though her limbs trembled from weakness, and an almost overwhelming faintness had come upon her. Dr. Wright had scarcely left the room when she followed him, to urge that he would not have his own horse brought out, since he could drive home with her in Tobin's sleigh. The old doctor was glad of the opportunity, for his own poor nag had already exceeded its powers, and was but little able to undertake another journey in such a storm.

In a few minutes Dr. Wright was ready, and Jeanie helped him into Tobin's light cutter. The seat was

narrow, and there was only comfortable accommodation for two persons; but Tobin made room for Jeanie between himself and the doctor, and invited her, with the voice of authority, to sit beside him.

"Thank you; no!" Jeanie replied, in a quiet, resolute tone. "I'm going to sit here, in the bottom of the sleigh, among the straw."

She was already in the sleigh while she spoke. She added carelessly, "Dr. Wright will sit a little further toward you, and I will have plenty room."

"Nonsense! you can't sit there, Jeanie," said Tobin, impatiently. "You'll be smothered. Come here! We can easily make room for you between us."

Jeanie turned from him with a gesture of loathing, and heedless that her action must appear silly and childish to the third party in the sleigh, seated herself among the straw at the old doctor's feet. "I'm going to sit here," she said. "I'm quite comfortable. The straw is warm, and besides, here I am protected from the snow and wind."

"She's right," said the doctor, laughing good-humoredly, and moving so as to give her as much room as possible in her lowly position; "and now let's be off."

Cyrus Tobin ground his teeth with rage, and with his elbow that was next to Dr. Wright made it as uncomfortable as he could for the old gentleman; but this infliction the doctor bore with exemplary fortitude and the drive toward Jeanie's home was performed almost in silence.

As they approached her home Jeanie's agitation became almost unbearable; and the instant the horse stopped in front of the house she leaped from the sleigh and hastened toward the barn, directing her companions to follow her. The snow had ceased falling, but the beaten track was covered several inches thick, and notwithstanding her best efforts it was many minutes before she reached the place of poor Sandy's painful imprisonment, yet she was the first to gain the door. Pushing it gently open she found that little Peggy had fallen asleep, but young Fairfax was looking toward her with sad, wide-open eyes.

He had suffered much, and the pain had been too great to allow him to sleep. But severe as it had been his first thought at sight of Jeanie's face, as she bent over him, was that she must have suffered even more than he had endured. Taking his hand within both of hers she pressed it closely, passionately.

"My puir laddie!" she murmured, "I was a lang time away, but I could na help it, Sandy." Turning then toward little Peggy she awakened her gently and kissed her. "Go to the house, dearie," she said, "and have the candle lighted, and stir the fire a wee bit."

Peggy, tired and dazed, could not at first comprehend where she was, or what was said to her. But after a vigorous rubbing of her eyes and a glance at Jeanie and Sandy, the weary child remembered all that had happened, and hastened away to fulfill her instructions.

Dr. Wright and Cyrus Tobin met her at the door, and on their entrance Jeanie at once dismissed all exhibition of feeling.

"There's an old door here, doctor," she said, going toward it, and pointing out a disused door that had at some time before been removed from the stable. "Perhaps we can turn it into a litter. Mr. Fairfax is lying on a mattress, now. I think if we bring this door alongside it we may be able to lift the mattress without causing him pain." While she spoke she was already acting on her own suggestion, and Dr. Wright gave her all the assistance that he could. Tobin also came forward, desirous of hastening matters, and in a few



minutes Sandy was transferred to the improvised litter. Jeanie, assisted by the doctor, took one end of the door, while Tobin raised the other. He was a strong man, with hands and wrists like iron; but, either accidentally or otherwise, he took up his burden too quickly, and Sandy could not repress the groan that burst from his lips.

Jeanie turned on the culprit a glance whose fire might have scorched him, and then her gaze softened with pity and tenderness as it rested on the white face of the sufferer. Watching her and noting that change, Tobin would have been glad to fling poor Sandy to the earth; for though he was incapable of a true and generous love for Jeanie McIntyre, he hated the man she loved with all the cruelty of a bitter and vengeful jealousy. But even in his rage he remained true to his own interest—and it was necessary for his future power over Jeanie that Sandy Fairfax should recover from his hurt sufficiently to owe that recovery to his prompt assistance—therefore his iron wrists were true to their present duty, and for the rest of the way Sandy was carried with the utmost care and gently deposited on his own bed.

The broken leg proved to be more painful than dangerous. It was a simple fracture and was easily set. The patient was then made as comfortable as possible; and Dr. Wright having volunteered to remain with him till morning, Jeanie at once dismissed Cyrus Tobin. He would have taken her hand as she bade him a peremptory "good-night," but she drew back with a gesture of repulsion which she took no pains to conceal. The unwelcome suitor tingled with anger to the very tips of his fingers. Such love as he had once felt for her was rapidly turning to hate—a far more powerful passion in such a nature. As she drew back, dismissing him with a wave of the hand almost regal in its imperious command, he felt that he would like to strike her. He smiled instead—his wide, cold, cruel smile, and with a glance full of insulting mockery he blew a kiss toward her from the tips of his fingers. Jeanie shrank back from him, and he had the gratification of feeling that she would rather have borne a blow from his hand. But his rage against her was not lessened. As the door closed after him, shutting him out in the darkness and cold of the cheerless winter night, he muttered gloomily:

"Wait, my lady, wait a bit. It's but a couple of months to Easter, and that once past, I'll pay you off for these fine airs."

He jumped into the cutter that stood waiting for him outside the little gate, to the post of which he had tied his horse, and, gathering the reins into his hand, expended a small part of his fury in the sharp cut of the whip which he bestowed on Black Bess. The mare bounded forward like a mad creature, and for a few moments it took all her master's skill to control her. He seemed to enjoy the brief contest, and as his thin lips parted over his pointed teeth in his customary noiseless laugh, he said:

"They'll make a fine pair! Yes, my beauty, you and your new mistress; a rare, high-mettled pair you two will make, and I rather guess I know how to handle you both!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

SANDY FAIRFAX improved rapidly. Young, healthy, and possessed of a perfectly sound constitution, the confinement to his room was soon the most serious part of his illness, and at times it tried his patience. But he had the kindest nurses—Jeanie, Mrs. McIntyre,

and little Peggy were all untiring in their devotion. Then he had the taste of his countrymen for books, so that, much of the time, he actually enjoyed his enforced holiday.

One thing troubled him. It was the great and singular change that had taken place in Jeanie McIntyre. From the night of his accident she did not appear like the same girl. Her fits of sullen anger, her quick and unreasonable jealousy, her brilliant, though fitful, high spirits, were all gone. She never gave way to anger, now. She never hinted at aught that could suggest a doubt of her lover's affection, and her ringing laugh, and clear, fresh voice, singing old Scotch ballads, seemed hushed for ever. Nor was the change in her appearance less marked than in her manner. The brilliant complexion that had once rivalled the brightest carnation, could now be likened only to the palest blush-rose. Her dark eyes were sunken, and either lustreless or feverishly brilliant, but never possessed the steady glow of a steadfast, ardent soul, which used to make them look like rare jewels. Her figure was perceptibly thinner, and her movements either languid or unnaturally quick and restless. This change was more or less perceptible to all, but Sandy felt it most keenly, and wondered at it.

He had repeatedly sought to speak to Jeanie on the subject, but so long as he was confined to his room she had found it easy to evade him. He could not make inquiries of a tenderly personal nature in the presence of a third party, and Jeanie so managed that they were never left alone together, even for a minute. But the fact that she did evade him was evident to Sandy, and that increased his desire to find out the cause. At length he was able, with the help of his stout hickory stick, to hobble about the house, and even to venture, now and then, for an airing out of doors.

It was on a mild evening, toward the end of February, that, having watched his opportunity, Sandy waylaid Jeanie so that she could not avoid a *l'le-a-l'le*. He concealed himself behind a stack of hay, near the barn, and watched for Jeanie as she returned toward the house, after milking the cows. As she neared his hiding-place, he stepped forth, and stood directly before her, barring the way, and his appearance was so sudden that she uttered a slight cry, and almost dropped the foaming pail of milk from her grasp.

"Guid save us, lad! I thought it was your wraith!" she said.

Her face reddened and then paled again, under Sandy's searching gaze.

"Ye didna use to be sae nervous, Jeanie, lass," he said reproachfully. "Let me carry the pail for you."

"And you not so very well able to carry yersel, yet," she returned, with a gentle smile. "Let me by, lad; I'm weel able to carry the pail. You see there's but one, now. The cows are no giving much milk just now."

"I didna come here to talk aboot the cows, Jean," Sandy interrupted, "an' I won't move to let you by till ye promise not to run away from me. I'm long enough watching my opportunity to speak with you, an' I won't be balked of it."

"I'll no rin awa', Sandy," Jeanie answered, softly. "I'll walk beside you all the way."

Fairfax stepped aside, and turning round walked alongside of her in silence for some moments. Jeanie knew that an explanation must come some time, and though she had dreaded it, and kept away from it, she now felt that it might be better to have it over at once. But she offered no word that would lead to it. Sandy

broke the silence with a suddenness and anger very unlike his customary manner.

"What has come between us, lass?" he said, and she saw his beautiful blue eyes glisten with tears he was too proud to shed. "Ye're no angry wi' me, Jeanie? I know that's all past and gone; yet I canna get a word wi' ye by oursel, and even if my eye meets yours you turn awa', as if it was all at once a sin to let me see that you love me."

"Yes, Sandy," she answered, steadily. "Because it is a sin. I belong to another man, now."

"You belong to another man!"

Sandy Fairfax repeated the words, curiously, as if trying to take their meaning into his mind. He stood still, staring at her, but his look was enquiring, and she saw that he had not understood what she meant. She had stood still, also, and he could see in the gathering twilight that her face looked out at him white as the face of the dead.

She went on, with cruel and unmistakable explicitness:

"Yes, I have promised to marry Cyrus Tobin."

"Jean! my lass! Oh, Jeanie, love, you're saying that to try me! You couldna promise to marry any man but me. Jeanie, dear, you know you loved me—you love me now!"

"Better than my life, dear. It was to save you, Sandy, for, oh! I was sairly frightened that night. The shock and the alarm—oh me! oh me! I thought ye would die, laddie, if I failed to get a doctor before morning, and that man would lend me the horse on one condition only. I promised—"

"Jean—Jean! I would ha' rather died ten times over!"

"Aye, dear; but I couldna think that. It was all my selfishness. I couldna bear that you should die, or suffer, so I gave him the promise!"

"An ill promise—a wicked promise!" Sandy once more interrupted, "and a promise far better broken than kept."

"Nay, laddie, nay. Dinna tempt me, Sandy, dear—it was a solemn promise. He made me swear on the Book—an oath, Sandy, I dare na break—an oath sworn on the Book. Ye ken that, dear—so ye'll forgive me. And, now it's all over, let's talk no more of it."

Mechanically Jeanie took up the milk-pail which she had set down for a moment, and, with a swift motion, she hastened on toward the house.

Sandy Fairfax made no effort to overtake, or even to follow, her. He leaned heavily on his stick, dazed, feeling as if overcome by some horrible nightmare and powerless to shake himself free from it. Unconsciously his gaze followed Jeanie's vanishing figure, and when he could no longer see her a cry of pain broke from his lips.

Little Peggy, watching him from the window, guessed that he was tired, or had, perhaps, hurt himself, and came running toward him.

"Hae ye hurt yersel, Cousin Sandy?" the child asked, putting her arm about him, and raising her sweet, fresh face toward his, that looked pale and haggard.

"No, dearie, no," he answered, absently, and his hand rested caressingly on her yellow, shining hair. "I'm just tired—tired!"

She led him gently forward, and he accompanied her, unresistingly, into the house.

Jeanie felt it somewhat of a relief that Sandy now knew the worst. Had he not been kept to his own room for so long a time he must have known it sooner; for Cyrus Tobin had been at some trouble to spread far

and wide the news of his coming marriage with Miss McIntyre. Though the girl had not referred to it herself the news had soon reached her brother and his wife; and, when questioned, Jeanie had answered shortly that it was true, and had then dismissed the subject.

In the character of accepted suitor Tobin had several times visited at the McIntyre's; and had been received with chill civility by Jeanie, but warmly enough by Duncan McIntyre, and also by his wife, both of whom knew that the rich farmer was a fine match for their penniless sister, and thoroughly appreciated the fact. But of these visits, or of their significance, Sandy had known nothing. He had not on these occasions been well enough to quit his room; and his relatives, understanding his feelings toward Jeanie, had sought to save him pain or disappointment as long as possible.

That was all over now.

On the following day Mr. Tobin paid a visit to his bride-elect, and remained a long time, and Sandy understood the nature of the visit. Quite early in the evening Jeanie complained of a headache, and retired upstairs to her own little room, but Tobin refused to take the hint. He glowered, or smiled, alternately; but continued to wait for her possible return. Sandy sat in the chimney-corner, silent, but never took his gaze from the face of the man who, by force and cruelty, had stolen his sweetheart from him. What thoughts were in his mind none knew save himself, and none could guess, for his face, pale as marble, was also as still and mute. Only his eyes that glowed like live coals in the fire-light, showed the tumult of his soul. Tobin felt it, perhaps—for, after waiting in vain for Jeanie's return, he rose at last and bade his hosts a sullen "good-night."

His horse was tied to the gate-post; and, as he loosened the bridle and vaulted into the saddle, his thoughts found expression in his usual half-muttered tones when alone with his own cheerful company.

"Only four weeks now to wait—by jingo! once she takes her place in my house she'll see no more of her precious family. That chap would like to kill me—I see it in his eye. But I guess I'm safe. They're a powerfully religious people, those Scotch Presbyterians, and Madame Jeanie wouldn't marry a murderer—no, not even if his name was Sandy Fairfax!"

#### CHAPTER V.

"Is it true that you're to be called in church to-morrow, Jean—you and that man Tobin?"

The speaker was Sandy Fairfax, and Jeanie McIntyre, whom he had met at the door as she was going out, answered, briefly:

"Yes, Sandy. Mr. Tobin told Duncan last night that the banns would be put up next Sabbath."

"And you are going to submit, Jeanie—do you no see that you are killing me, lass?"

"And myself, too, lad! God help us both, Sandy. What can I do? I have asked Tobin to meet me this morning at Mullen's Bridge. I'm going there now. I will show him all the misery of my soul. He must have some heart, though I have not yet found it. May be he will set me free of my wicked oath; and if not—"

"If not, Jean?" Sandy asked, for she had paused, and was looking far out before her through the hazy air to the thick woods beyond.

Some wild fancy was in her mind that some day she would roam away there, and losing herself in their depths of the forest, never be found again. At Sandy's

question she forced her wandering thoughts to return, and with assumed cheerfulness she answered:

"I winna think it, dear. I'll hope for the best till I know the worst."

"And may I wait here for you, Jeanie?"

They had been walking along the country road as they talked till they came to a break in the roadside fence, where a temporary seat had been formed of the broken rails.

"Aye, laddie, wait here for me," Jeanie answered. "And you must sit down, too, Sandy. You're owre fond of trying the strength of that poor leg. Sit down here, and I'll not be very long."

She patted him kindly on the shoulder as he took the seat she pointed out, and any stranger hearing their parting words would scarcely have guessed that two more desperately unhappy beings could not have been found in all the length and breadth of that Canadian land.

It was a beautiful day in early spring—such a day as seldom visits that cold climate in March. The snow was almost gone, and though there were patches of ice in deep gorges where the sun could not penetrate, or in the unthawed ruts of last year's plowed fields, it was evident that winter had really gone, for the blue-birds were singing songs of triumph over his departure. Already the grass, on which the snow had lain all winter, began to look green, and in the sweet, fresh smell of the earth was the promise of early violets. But Jeanie, although keenly sensitive to all such influences, failed to note the signs of coming spring. She had spoken hopefully, or at least had tried to do so, but her heart felt dead within her, and already she knew that her errand was useless. She knew before hearing them the cold and cruel words—almost the very phrase in which her prayer for freedom would be answered by Cyrus Tobin. None the less, however, was she determined to make it—and then?

When Sandy Fairfax had asked that question she had not answered it, for more than once during the past twenty-four hours she had answered it to her own heart.

"I can die! Yes, I can die!" she thought, in wild triumph. "I dare not break my oath, but God will release me if this man refuses."

She held up her hand, and smiled to see the sunlight almost show through it—it had grown so thin and waxen. In the past eight weeks Jeanie McIntyre had faded from a buxom, strong, fresh-cheeked country beauty to a slight, pale, slender girl. It seemed hardly possible that such a delicate frame could long enchain the wild and desperate spirit that burned within it. Her extraordinary self-command enabled her to hide the struggle, but the ravages wrought by it were all the more plainly visible. Sandy remained seated where she had left him, watching her receding figure till a turn in the road hid her from his sight. Then he started up, and, as quickly as his lameness would let him, followed after her.

The instant he could no longer see her a sudden fear that she was going into danger came upon him and smote his heart like a blow. It seemed an interminable time till he had reached the turn which had hidden her from him; but having rounded that he could see her then, and that quieted his vague apprehensions. She was nearing the appointed place, and he recognized as Tobin the man who leaned against the bridge waiting for her.

Mullen's Bridge spanned the creek which fed the mill-dam lower down, and Sandy observed that the

stream was swollen by the late heavy rains and by the melted snow and ice which had floated into it almost to the proportions of a river. The sound of the rushing water was distinctly clear even at that distance, and the young man tried to cheat himself into thinking that he was noting the weather signs and observing the unusual condition of Mullen's Creek. His heart was throbbing wildly, and he kept his gaze fixed on Jeanie, while he listened to the sound of the rushing water.

"Yes," he murmured, with an affectation of carelessness; "another rainstorm is brewing—this peculiar quality of the air always precedes rain."

Then he quickened his steps, and felt that he ought to be nearer Jeanie in case any danger did really threaten her.

"Well, Jeanie, I'm here," Tobin said, coming forward a step or two to meet her. "This is our first tryst. I feel favored, I can tell you, and no doubt you knew I would be here promptly. But what's the matter with you, my girl? You look like a ghost! You are not like the same girl I lost my heart to more than a year ago. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm dying, Mr. Tobin," Jeanie answered, briefly, and with a quiet, stony despair that fixed the attention of her listener, heartless and cruel as he was; "and if you care for me at all—and I suppose you must, since you want me for a wife—I've come to beg my life from you."

"The devil! Of course I care for you. How can you doubt it? Haven't I sworn to marry you? Is it likely I'd take all this trouble to get you for a wife if I didn't care for you? Care, indeed! Wait till you see the home I've got ready for you, Jeanie. There's not a finer house in this part of the world, and you'll queen it there as fine as her majesty's self at Windsor."

"Don't, sir, pray don't!" Jeanie said, beseechingly. "Indeed, I cannot bear it. Oh! you must have mercy on me, sir! You've often found me cross and sullen, and 'proud-tempered'; but I'm humble enough now. See, Mr. Tobin! I will kneel at your feet—but you shall listen to me!"

He had tried to interrupt her, and had made a movement backward from her; but she was on the ground before him, and had caught his hand in frantic appeal, so that he could not, without absolute brutality, shake off her grasp. After the first moment he did not try; the passionate clasp of her fingers about his, and the beseeching look in her great dark eyes was pleasant to him. He half wished her request might be something that he could grant without too much inconvenience, for he hadn't guessed yet in what manner she wished him to serve her.

"What is it I can do for you, Jeanie?" he asked, with his horrible smile.

"Have pity on me, Mr. Tobin, if you are a man! I cannot—cannot be your wife. Release me from the oath you forced me to take; I ask it of you in the name of a merciful God whose mercy you will one day need if you refuse me!"

With an oath Tobin jerked his hand away and drew back from her. If the request had been a simpler one he meant to have granted it. He had some vague thought that her face might light up with pleasure. Perhaps in the first burst of gratitude, she might touch his hand with her soft, velvety lips. He had read of such things. But her words threw him into a rage of anger and disappointment. His cold and cruel nature was stirred almost beyond control, and he was about to answer with a degree of violence quite unusual. But



at that moment he saw Sandy Fairfax, who had continued to approach, and who was now so near that Jeanie's last words must have been distinctly audible to him.

With an effort Tobin controlled himself, and his manner resumed its customary composure. His face hardened into its usual expression of cold indifference, and his thin lips parted in a contemptuous smile that froze poor Jeanie's heart.

She rose instantly, for she was answered before he spoke.

"Release you from your oath," Tobin said. "No; not to save fifty lives. So, so, mistress. It is to save your lover's heart, and not for your own life, that you fell on your knees to me! But it won't do, my girl. You belong to me, now, and I'm not the fool to let you slip through my fingers. Come now, since our interview is over, let us kiss and say 'good-bye.'"

He clasped his arm about her suddenly, and drawing her toward him, stooped to press his lips to hers. But with a sharp cry Jeanie writhed out of his embrace, and before he could repeat the attempt, Sandy Fairfax stood between them, his stick uplifted, and his arm stretched out before Jeanie.

"Hands off, you coward! If you dare touch her, I'll brain you quicker than I would a squirrel!"

"What the devil! Here's a pretty row! Perhaps you don't know that the young woman is my promised wife?" blustered Tobin.

"But not yet your wife, and if I can help it she never shall be."

"But you can't help it, Mr. Fairfax. Answer him, my girl," he continued, turning triumphantly to Jeanie. "Are you going to break your oath?"

"No; but God may release me from it," Jeanie answered, quietly. "Come, Sandy. Come away home."

She laid her hand on the young man's arm with a touch so gentle it seemed a caress, while Tobin looked on with suppressed and impotent fury.

He would have been glad to tear her from beside Sandy Fairfax; but the youth was powerful, and the stick he carried a dangerous one in such willing hands.

"She's not my wife yet, as he says. Worse luck, for I have no legal right or power, and that chap is looking for an excuse to break my head open. But wait a bit, Mr. Sandy Fairfax, wait a bit."

He ground his teeth, and muttered sundry oaths and threats; then, unable to bear any longer the sight of the two so close together—Jeanie's hand yet resting on her lover's arm—Tobin abruptly turned his back on them.

His way lay over the bridge that spanned the creek, and when he had about reached the middle of it, he stopped, in sudden, vague confusion and alarm. There was first an ominous rumble, then a crackling, then a loud crash! All had happened within ten seconds, and when Jeanie and Sandy, startled by the unusual sounds, looked back for the cause, both ends of the bridge were hanging down into the water, and Cyrus Tobin, with the debris of broken wood, was floating down the strong and rushing stream.

Sandy threw aside the stick he leant on, and tried to cast off his coat; but Jeanie instinctively tightened her grasp on him, and implored him not to risk his life.

"Let him save himself—the man can swim! Oh, Sandy, dinna leave me, lad! 'Twill kill you, dear—'twill kill you! You're no weel yet, and the cold water—"

"Let me go, lass! Would you make a murderer o' me?"

He disengaged her clinging hands, and pushed her from him.

"If the current carries him over the dam he's a dead man, an' I would feel that I had killed him."

He was already running as swiftly as his lame leg would allow down the bank of the stream, and having reached a favorable spot he leaped into the water and swam with all the strength he possessed toward Cyrus Tobin, who appeared to be desperately clinging to some wood in mid-stream.

Jeanie remained on her knees, where Sandy's not over-gentle push had flung her, and she was praying aloud for the man she loved. Although she had begged Sandy not to endanger his life, and although his answer had been almost rough, she had never loved him as she did at that moment when he imperilled himself to save the wretch who stood between him and his best hope of happiness.

Sandy Fairfax was a fine swimmer, but the current was strong, and he seemed to gain little, if at all, on the man whom he sought to save. His own strength seemed to be failing, too, or was it that Jeanie's eyes were dim? She stood up and looked wildly about for help.

Mullen's Bridge was on Tobin's own property, and she had been obliged to cross a field to reach it, so that she was now some distance from the main road. But she ran toward it with all the little strength she had left, and when she saw Dr. Wright's gig approaching, and recognized her old friend driving with all his customary consideration for his horse, she flung up her arms and waved them toward him, uttered a heart-rending cry for help, and fell insensible to the ground.

When Jeanie returned to consciousness she was at home, and there was the murmur of voices about her, sounding as if it came from a long distance. For the first time in many terrible weeks she was conscious of a feeling of rest and peace. The great misery of her life was for the moment forgotten. She half fancied she was asleep, and dreaded to unclothe her eyes. But gradually the murmur grew into words, and slowly their meaning dawned upon her. It was the old doctor who was speaking, and though his tones were subdued she heard and understood.

"The poor girl has been severely tried in some way," he was saying. "I was pained to see how greatly she has failed in so short a time. She's very weak. How will she bear the shock? Perhaps it would be better to wait for a day or two—"

Then Jeanie remembered everything, and her eyes flashed open with a look of wild alarm.

"Wast he hurt? I must know! I canna bear suspense. Tell me, Dr. Wright, oh, please tell me, was he hurt?"

"Badly hurt."

"Oh, my hairt!" she gasped, in a choking voice—every vestige of color fled from her face, and she seemed about to faint again—oh, Sandy, my puir lad!"

Dr. Wright looked puzzled. She seemed distressed about the wrong man, for all the country side had heard of Tobin's approaching marriage with Jeanie McIntyre. The doctor replied to her:

"Mr. Fairfax is well enough, Miss Jeanie. He got a thorough wetting, but he'll be none the worse for it, with a little care. Now, do think of yourself, child."

For Jeanie had hastily risen to a sitting posture, as Sandy came forward, and took her hand, while a color like a June rose flushed her face. A flood of light rushed in on the mind of Dr. Wright, and he continued, rather abruptly:



"It was of Cyrus Tobin I was speaking, Miss Jeanie. You see the timber struck him on the head when he fell, and when Sandy reached him at last, he had been in the water a long time. Sandy managed to drag him to land just before they reached the mill-dam, but it was too late."

"Dead?" asked Jeanie, in a low, hushed voice.

"Yes, poor man, quite dead. The body was carried to his own house."

Jeanie McIntyre drew a long, sobbing breath—an indescribable sound of relief and joy. She did not speak another word, but rising slowly to her feet passed from the room.

Dr. Wright looked after her wonderingly.

"Well!" he exclaimed, turning toward Sandy, "as you Scotch folk say, 'Women are kittle cattle.'"

Cyrus Tobin was buried on the following Sunday.

Jeanie made no pretence of sorrow; neither did she express pleasure at the man's death. She never spoke his name or referred to him in any way. A distant relative of the dead man inherited his property; and, with his newly wedded wife, took possession of the house that had been prepared for a very different bride. Jeanie never again entered it. She never even looked at it when she passed that way, and if, by accident, her glance ever turned toward it, she hastily averted her gaze, and shuddered at the recollections suggested by it.

The names of Jeanie McIntyre and Sandy Fairfax were called in church, and no voice forbade the banns. They were married on Easter Sunday, at their own home, with only Duncan McIntyre, his wife, and little Peggy for witnesses. But no happier bridal party ever walked up cathedral aisle, or listened to the chime of wedding bells.

## INDEPENDENCE IN A COFFEE-POT.

WE were left alone in the world—Frances and I; she in her seventeenth, I in my twenty-first year. While father lived all went smoothly with us. He was a war pensioner, enfeebled and old before his time by many a privation; and though he had no regular employment, we owned the house we lived in, and at stated intervals he posted books for some of the city merchants, and brought home many a confused ledger to straighten out, at which we were proud to help, for we liked to work at figures, and I thought myself competent to take up that as a life-work, if need be. Father had never been strong since the war, and after mother died his only care seemed to be to live along and give us all the present care we needed, regardless of the future. Sometimes he did talk of marriage as the one aim of a woman's existence; and when Cecil Darity began to make his regular weekly calls, there would pass between Frances and the dear gray-haired father a look of meaning, and he would say: "Perhaps you and I may have to keep house by ourselves yet, little one;" and so I knew he had begun to think of such a contingency. But somehow I never felt sure of Cecil. At times I could sit in our little parlor and listen to his talk without being weary—even think I was in love with him when he sang so very touchingly "My Queen." I know better now, for my heart would have been unsatisfied with such a weak nature; but it was pleasant then to sit and listen, and wonder if he really preferred that she should be "tall and stately," or

"She that I love may be fairly light,  
I will not say she should walk sedately;  
Whatever she does it will sure be right."

He sang well and danced with ease and grace; but I saw in his weak chin and variable temper that life with him would not be all sunshine, and I know enough of his love affairs to recall the facts of his numerous flirtations with anything but pleasant sensations; for, with a girl's fresh, honorable, if sentimental nature, I wanted no patched-up heart, but to be first in the love of my king. But all this seemed ages ago to Frances and me, as we sat alone in the twilight, after father had been gone from us a month. He seemed to grow more tired

and weary till the end came, and then we were alone and unprovided for, except the house and its simple furniture. And when all the bills were paid only fifty dollars remained to us for a future that meant not only our food, clothing and firewood, but water rates and taxes, with other incidental expenses.

"Well, Libna darling," said my little sister, in a tone that reminded me of father, it was so sad and despondent, "how are we to live? Oh! if I only could have gone with father!"

"And left me to battle with the world alone?" I answered, with a feeling of bitterness.

As I spoke she caught my hand, stroking it gently, and answered, with a sob in her voice:

"Has Cecil deserted us, do you think?"

"Perhaps it is better he should," I said. And then came silence, as I thought of the dark, unplanned future, and my moaning cry was for father, and dread of what was to come. Then my gaze became riveted on the glass cupboard that stood on the top of the old-fashioned bureau. It was full of cups and saucers of a quaint pattern, and there were some Chinese and Japanese sets, and a few of the oddest coffee-cups I ever saw in my life. Mother's uncle had bequeathed them to her, with some Austrian jugs and little pitchers that were very beautiful. And gradually my thoughts took shape. We had often laughed at was considered our best cooking, and father frequently said in a joke that our breakfasts were the best he had ever tasted. If he only had such rolls and coffee he could make a good meal anywhere.

Why not put these fancy dishes in the window and buy a pretty set of dishes for use, we could get a barrel of flour, our coffee and sugar wholesale, and set up a coffee house on a small scale at moderate charges, and I felt sure it would pay. Our house was on a corner leading to three of the business streets and quite a good stand. I had heard young girls complain that they did not like to go to a restaurant, charges were often high, and they were so crowded with gentlemen at certain hours, while the mingling of culinary smells, made them often too sick to eat. A great many people preferred coffee or tea, and rolls and butter, to more elabor-

ate fare. We could get fresh cream and butter from the nice old fatherly milkman who had served us so long, and it was best to attempt only what we knew we could do well. Frances objected. "Oh Libna, let us see if we can do *anything* else." But I told her all other ways seemed blocked, and this seemed plain, surely she did not fear that our few friends would forsake us; she might rest easy, it would only test their friendship. And so three weeks after on a fair spring morning the window was cleared of its curtains and a deep table made on which to place our alluring dishes, and they were arranged artistically upon it, while I invested part of my last dollar in a bunch of violets to place in the centre. We had lifted the carpet and taken father's bedroom for our sacred retreat where we gathered with many tears all the little treasures of our former life. I painted the bare floor of the parlor a soft gray, with green blocks, and the walls were tinted in the same shades. We ordered a dozen cheap tables from a carpenter, these I painted and covered with marbled oil-cloth, giving in exchange such of our old-fashioned furniture as we could spare. So now we were ready for customers, the only sign of our new business being a placard in the window:

*Tea and Coffee, Home-made Rolls and Fresh Butter.  
Open from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M.*

We had spoken to several teachers and young girls of our acquaintance, and to the minister of the church we attended, and while the latter approved of our plan, the former promised to bring us all the first custom possible. But what the Scotch call the "first foot" was the unexpected entrance of a young man in a light overcoat of golden brown—whose thick curling beard and brown laughing eyes, nearly of the same color, gave him an appearance of gentle manhood that won confidence at once.

"Are you the young ladies of the new coffee house?" he asked, in a soft musical voice, and as I stepped forward, continued: "My father wished me to call this morning with this small parcel, and to say that if you wanted more cream just to let him know a day beforehand." I was quite puzzled for a moment till he added, "Mr. Elwood." I felt my face flush foolishly—so this was our milkman's son—but before I could frame an answer he stepped to one of the little tables and sat down, adding in a matter-of-course tone, "I'll take a cup of coffee and rolls, please." I shook off my discomfiture, said to myself "steady now little girl," as dear father did when I was in danger of becoming excited, and served him quietly as he sat alone in the room.

I gave Frances the parcel, and she opened it in our new parlor, disclosing a bunch of pink roses on long stalks, with buds, flowers and leaves crushed closely. How we wanted to keep them to ourselves I cannot fully explain, but business *first*, and after the young man left I placed them in a fancy pitcher and set them in the window.

Just as he went down the steps three young girls of our acquaintance were coming up, and I saw him lift his hat as he passed.

"Why," said Saidie Lyman, rushing in, "has Ralph Elwood been here?" and then she added, "You must know him Libna; he is junior partner in the firm of Griffin & Elwood, on Maple street."

We were busy all morning, and I had not time to speak to Frances until a little while before noon, and then I saw that her eyes were red with crying. I could not endure the sight of her grief, and begged to know

what was the matter, for the morning's work had raised my spirits and made me hopeful of a successful future.

"Oh, she hated the work," she said, "and to be stared at by a crowd, and have to *serve* them, she couldn't do it. Even the milkman's son came in to patronize us, and, if dear papa had lived, he would not have had his little girls do anything of the sort."

At first I thought my sister selfish, but close observation showed me that it was really nervous dislike of publicity that oppressed her. People are differently constituted, just as one flower loves the full glare of the sun, and another thrives best in partial shade. I had thought it all out, and really could not think of any other method by which we could earn our living and remain at home together. Saleswomen, seamstress, teacher, telegraphy. I had considered them all. They were precarious, but everybody needed coffee or tea, or milk, with good rolls and butter. I was quite sure it would win us a livelihood, and live we must. And so, amid all the discouragements, I ordered additional tables, and kept on steadily the busy round of duties, finding that it well repaid us for our money invested.

I took no more notice of the feelings of my downhearted little sister. She made the coffee and rolls and I did the principal waiting at table, until I bethought myself of a little orphan girl, whose life was much darker than our own, and she gladly came to us for a home, with such small compensation as we could afford till times were better. We found Janey a perfect treasure to wait on the tables, quick to observe, and yet with a grave little dignity that was comical to see for those who knew the child, and her grateful heart was ever devising some way of making our burdens lighter. Mr. Elwood, senior, became our staunch friend. He was a fine old gentleman, who preferred to go the round of his customers when he chose in his own milk wagon, though owning more city and country property than many of the merchants who lived so grandly. His gentle benign face and fatherly manner did us real service, and many a bunch of flowers or other unobtrusive gift he brought us from his beautiful country home; and some way I knew in my secret heart that Ralph had determinedly and successfully won a place in my little sister's regard.

Our girl friends did not desert us. We went to church and to lectures, and took many opportunities to refresh our tired hearts by contact with the wise and good men and women whose mission it is to give their thoughts to the world. The way became easier before us. We were able to save, as well as to make money to live, and I felt thankful my project had not proved a failure.

And all this time Cecil Dartly had not called. He soon transferred his attentions to Elsie Powers, a small heiress living in the next street; and several times, as we passed the open windows, I heard the deep rich voice singing the old refrain:

"Whatever she does it will sure be right."

Oh! if men and women could only be true, and their words sincere!

"From within she heard the household talk,  
As if each to the other were true and dear,  
And after her, down the lonesome street,  
Followed the sound of mirthful cheer."

"They were blest, she knew, in their homely peace,  
A sad smile trembled about her mouth,  
'I am glad,' she said, 'that for some poor souls  
There be full wells, though the rest have drouth.'"

These words of Louise Chandler Moulton's verse would not be dislodged from my brain, as I stood alone, a year after, looking down the street with tear-dimmed eyes, as my little sister's happy face passed out of sight, and she left me for a new home, and untried paths. For Ralph Elwood had wooed and won her in the interval—his manly, genial nature, and genuine sympathy, had gained her love—and that morning I had seen her stand beside him, to take his name and share his future.

I will confess to a sense of desolation never before experienced, for now I was really and truly alone; for, although I had gained a new brother, I knew well our lives would never again be so closely related—my little sister and I. The coffee-house had prospered. I engaged another attendant—a friend of Janey's—and had devoted my own time during the two later months to the department of our work that my little sister was so soon to resign.

I had some very tender remembrances of her affection during this time before we parted, and she helped me faithfully in our duties till the last. But true love was hers, for she told me that Ralph had confessed that his heart was enthralled the day he came in as our "first foot," to deliver the message from his father to me.

He said there was an innocent, startled expression in her sad face that haunted him for weeks, and he silently pledged himself to assist with all his influence our self-helpful endeavors.

"And yet, you just sat down, and called for coffee and rolls," said my romantic Frances, and the dear, practical fellow answered:

"Could I help you in any other way then, you unreasoning child?"

And we all agreed that it was a happy fate that brought with our first customer pink crushed roses and his true, manly love.

Cecil Darty had tried to return to me as soon as he discovered that we were not tabooed by our old friends, but his calls were not encouraged, though persisted in. I felt the bitter contrast of his shallow nature, when brought into contact with such a character as Ralph Elwood, and pitied myself that I had not been able to win a nobler love, if the passion was to enter into my life at all.

Coming in one evening when I was tired and heart-sick, with thinking of the answer I must give to a question he had asked me by letter the day before, I

felt a fine scorn for his assured manner, as of an accepted lover.

"Let me sing your answer," I said, and from the words of the same sweet poetess I sang with all the strength of my weary heart:

"Change is the law of wind and moon and lover;  
And yet I think, lost love, had you been true,  
Some golden fruit had ripened for your plucking  
You will not find in gardens that are new."

As I rose from the piano with limbs that trembled, though my voice was steady, I gave him my hand, and said:

"I have never loved you. Once I thought I did, but your neglect in time of needed friendship gave me an insight into my heart. There is no love there for any one but Frances. Once it might have ripened for you; now it never can."

Since then my life goes on its steady round of duties, and I have learned that a woman can be as happy in a busy sphere of usefulness, if self-reliant, as in any domestic relation; for I am quite content. Our pleasant rooms are renowned for the home-like comfort that fills them, and ministers and laymen give me words of encouragement and cheer. It is rumored that there ought to be more such houses in every city where young and old can enjoy a simple refreshment and quiet glimpse of tasteful appointments in their resting hours. I have never had another lover, though I have many friends. My life is bound up in the work I have undertaken. I have bought the adjoining house, and opened a door between the front rooms; there are newspapers, periodicals, flowers, and other accessories, while the rest of the apartments are rented to young girls, who thus find a shelter and the nearest approach to a home. By the advice of many friends I have lengthened the evening hours to nine o'clock, and added fruits in their season to my bill of fare. We think that this, as well as being remunerative, will be the means of doing good, and I am encouraged to continue my work with renewed energy.

Frances and Ralph keep my rooms in flowers that delight the weary eyes and cheer the heart of many a beauty-loving soul, and so

"I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise;  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies."

## LOVE IN A MORNING-GOWN.

I SAW her once, her long locks fallen down,  
Coquetting through their veil with laughing eyes,  
As if great mother Venus from the skies  
Had stooped to revel in a Cyprian town.  
The noble dignity of god-like size,  
The majesty of queenly look, were flown,  
A pretty sweetness she had made her own,  
And wanton arts and wiling witcheries.

So does a yellow lioness at play  
Stretch supple limbs, and, cat-like, purr her joy,  
Dimming her savage eye's magnetic ray,  
Loosing the iron muscles of her strength,  
Beneath a thorny thicket laid at length,  
Tumbling with huge soft paws her tawny boy.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.





## THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE TAIN OF AVARICE.

MARRIAGE effected far less change in Walter Rawson's life than he had supposed it would. Business had the same passionate attraction, though he was greatly devoted to his young wife.

With wealth and the smile of society assured, Violet enjoyed the new happiness she had found. In Walter's eyes she developed all the gentleness and affection that her childhood had presaged. She welcomed her visitors to the luxurious apartments at the Brevoort House, where the contented couple dwelt, with the grace and ease of manner inherited from her mother. The Vreeland decorum was the essence of good breeding. It could not be counterfeited. Its reserve was respectful and gracious, without a trace of humility; its egotism could be proud, haughty, even imperious at times. Of Mrs. Vreeland it was said that she never bowed to two people alike.

The formalities of the wedding dinners given to the young couple by the two families may be passed over briefly.

The reception at the Vreeland mansion was managed with all the art of Pinard. The dinner at the old Rawson homestead in Crummet, whither Walter carried his bride soon after their return, was less ostentatious, but not less enjoyable. It was the last social event of any importance in the life of Mrs. Mary Rawson. She was aware of the value attaching to the reception of the young bride, and nothing was wanting that could contribute to Violet's happiness. If the wife had had any doubts as to the feeling of Walter's mother toward her, they were removed for ever.

According to a mutually expressed wish, Walter and Violet lingered for a few days in this village. Together they revisited all the scenes identified with their childhood; they strolled along the paths once kept bare so largely by their own footsteps. There was a pleasant memory at every turn in the road.

They went together to the Vreeland mansion, tenanted at that season only by the old housekeeper. The house was ready for its summer occupants, who were expected in the course of a week or ten days. With all the coyness of a maiden, Violet took her lover-husband up to her own room to show him the cage she had occupied from her early girlhood. It was prepared for the habitation of an elder sister, then widowed, but everything yet remained just as Violet had left it. Here was her dressing bureau. The great wardrobes were empty, yearning for the dainty dresses that never would occupy them again. Here, beside the window looking toward

the gate, stood her writing desk. It was the outlook, she explained, whence she always descried her lover's coming. Here stood her bed. Walter regarded it with reverence and curiosity. Its delicate lace spread, its snow-white pillows, exquisitely worked with her name; the curtains that draped it—all were characteristic of Violet. In this room, doubtless, she had often thought of him. Perhaps she had even dreamed of him, he ventured, with some diffidence, to ask her. She blushed, went to her writing desk and brought a tiny book in which she had been wont to write furtively. It was not a diary, but a treasury of thoughts that lingered on the page as though they had been carried thither on a moonbeam. She opened it. On the first page that caught his eye, dated "Day of our betrothal," Walter read:

"O Gentle, Gracious One, guardian of my happiness let no evil wake us from this dream of joy. Watch o'er us—"

"At that point I went to sleep," said Violet laughing, as she clung to Walter's arm. "I always wrote in this book in bed, the last thing at night."

This trifling incident impressed Walter deeply. He turned and surveyed the room. It seemed the most sacred shrine on earth. Never would he destroy that mental picture—never would he enter there again so long as he lived.

Back in Wall Street, Walter saw that history was making itself very rapidly. He found that the bitterest enmities are contracted in trade. He learned that friendships are as brittle as glass; that honor has a "shave" on the floor of every exchange.

Not far from him, in the same building, he discovered his father's old *protégé*, Catesberry. This enterprising individual was credited with having lost every dollar he had by the robbery of the Limestone Bank. His private box of securities had been found cut open and empty. It was, therefore, a matter of congratulation from his friends that Catesberry's wife had inherited a small amount of money with which she had bought a comfortable property at Fort Washington.

Walter sympathized sincerely with Catesberry, and gladly joined in a movement among the former directors of the dead Limestone Bank to start the unfortunate cashier in life again.

So far as the world knew, Catesberry's character was absolutely above reproach. There was only one man



acquainted with his crime, and Gilroy was not likely to appear as his accuser. The ex-cashier felt no anxiety in that quarter. Catesberry had few if any customers, but Rawson contrived to throw considerable business in his way.

About this time there was a great spur given to stock speculation by a single invention. The discovery of America is usually regarded as a rather important historical and commercial event; but to the new estate of man that grows rich without toil, the invention of the "stock ticker" outshines the achievement of Columbus. This machine has an overmastering power for good or evil. It is the most gigantic engine that ever was created to serve the speculative purposes of man. It records daily transactions in the city of New York alone aggregating from fifty to eighty million dollars.

That it could be used to create and to lead public opinion, instead of merely recording it, Walter saw before it had been in use a week. He recognized its future potency, its universality, and the volume of its voice before he had watched it a fortnight. He saw in it the one essential requisite for the rapid rise or depression of values—publicity, instantaneous and widespread. He saw in it the magician's wand, and he determined to know how to juggle with it.

When the tape ceased to flow from its jaws, Walter turned his thoughts to Violet. He hastened home the instant three o'clock struck. He believed himself madly in love.

What were Violet's ideas of the new condition in which she found herself? She probably had never had a serious thought on the subject. She enlarged rather than contracted the circle of her acquaintance, even angled for admirers among the young men, after the manner of other highly refined and respectable married women. The daily procession of modistes and jeweler's clerks began to move, and her maid soon relinquished her mistress's hair to the hands of a barber.

The first summer she made the acquaintance at Saratoga of a dashing young man of the world. Together they waltzed, together they strolled along the verandas; and when the pretty Violet returned to the city in the autumn she playfully added his name to her list of devotees. The summer had been an unusually active one in speculation, and Walter had found little spare time to pass with his wife at Congress Hall. She had, however, introduced him to young Oliver Belwar, though Walter had not given him a serious second thought.

But Belwar never lost sight of anybody who could be of future service to him.

During the early part of the winter Mr. and Mrs. Rawson attended an evening party at the Burleigh's. It was the first regular "affair" of the fashionable season. There was no happier man in the metropolis than the young broker as he handed his pretty wife down from their carriage at the door of the brilliantly lighted mansion. Within the house it was a struggle to reach the cloak-rooms. There, on one floor, the queens of society and a throng of ladies' maids, summoned to assist them, jostled each other; on the next story the gentlemen had all their wants attended to by ebony-hued servants.

This couple had arrived late, for scarcely had Mr. and Mrs. Rawson paid their compliments to the hostess and exchanged salutations with a few acquaintances, before the orchestra was heard and the dancing began. As the magic violin led the waltz, Violet glanced round the large parlors. Her heart gave a start, for she saw among the throng the young man whom she had com-

pelled to walk beside her triumphal car during the length of the Saratoga season. There was something in the calm assurance of his glance that brought the blood to Violet's cheeks. He was in New York, in her circle of society—face to face. At Saratoga he was well enough; here he was in the way.

No sooner had the music ceased than Mr. Belwar approached and paid his respects to Mrs. Rawson. He was re-introduced to her husband, for Walter had entirely forgotten him. The young man's manners were good; he made himself agreeable at once. He was not so foolish, however, as to mar the advantage he possessed over Violet by remaining long at her side. He said a few pleasant words to the lady, delicately flattered her pride, and then moved away.

They often met during that winter and spring—by chance, apparently, and only for a moment at a time. Whenever Violet drove in the park in her phaeton alone she was sure to see him; when she was in the brougham by Walter's side, strangely enough, Oliver Belwar's dog-cart never was encountered. When she "shopped" at Lord & Taylor's, Stewart's, or other fashionable drapers, the young man often happened to be in quest of some trifle of lace or a peculiar shade of kid-gloves ("for a sister at boarding-school," he explained), and sought her taste in preference to his own. At Goupil's, whenever new pictures were announced, she encountered him in the same unexpected manner. At Tiffany's—they were both seeking wedding presents for friends.

These meetings soon ceased to surprise Violet. She did not mention the incidents to Walter at first, because she attached no importance to them. Soon she felt differently, and then she dared not tell him. She feared that he would ask, "How long has he been annoying you thus?" or "Why did you not tell me before?" In truth, she was not annoyed. All her vexation had passed away. This harmless intimacy, she reasoned, was the natural outgrowth of the gay season at Saratoga. Many young married women, she knew, made an effort to attach young gentleman friends to their train. It was not only perfectly proper and highly fashionable to do so, but his society served to relieve many a monotonous hour. She held him, she thought, as well as *ennui*, at arms' length. But now she saw that the fellow was a skilled diplomatist in social life. Until he was sure of his ground, he had been so adroit in his attention that she could not have "cut" him, if she had so wished. The old subterfuge that many an honest woman has employed before Violet's time to rid herself of an over-zealous friend suggested itself—she would marry him out of the way to one of her friends. He bore the name of one of the oldest families in the metropolis, had a private income of his own which, though not very large, was sufficient to support an establishment. This idea, once conceived, relieved her mind for a time; but its natural result was to throw them into each other's society oftener than before. In her inexperience as a chaperone, Violet had not the slightest idea how to break her plan to young Belwar, or how he would receive it. She realized, however, that it was necessary to have a house of her own wherein to hold her levees and to conduct this social brokerage business which she, half unconsciously, had undertaken.

So, at the end of Violet's first year of wifehood, she found herself established on Fifth avenue in a mansion of her own, never realizing the large part that Belwar's interests played in the move, and how small thought her husband's dislike to ostentation and

so-called "society" had weighed against the wish to serve her *protégé*.

Then she gave evening receptions and afternoon teas, and returned calls in her own coupé with the utmost exactitude.

Walter had secretly hoped that another and very different care would have occupied her attention, but the wish was unsatisfied.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### ON "THE BARBARY COAST."

THE financial condition of the Cyclops Railway System entered on a gradual decline soon after Walter Rawson assumed an active part in the directory. The clever idea of wrecking a great property in order that its destroyers might gain control, and enrich themselves from its revenue, was new. Walter Rawson invented it.

Therefore the same financial barometer that registered a steady rise in the Dawn and Sunset shares marked a decline in those of the Cyclops. The deficit in the treasury of the latter company finally became so large that the Board of Directors, to avoid their responsibilities, consented willingly to join Rawson, their youngest colleague, in a petition to the courts, asking for the appointment of a board of managers. This board was to consist of four trustees, with the president, treasurer, and Secretary as ex-officio members, and was to be vested with full powers to execute all contracts, even to the purchase of a ton of railroad iron. The only accounting which the board had to render to the stockholders was by an annual report, addressed jointly to them and to the Auditor of State.

Of course, the plain English of this matter was the creation of a committee of receivers for the Cyclops System, though all its members were taken from its own directory. But however well this purpose was understood by the few persons in the plot, and by the judges who connived with them, the secret was carefully glossed over by the frequent use of the words "board of managers," "managing directors," and "executive board."

Within four hours of the acceptance of the plan by the stockholders of the Cyclops System, Judge Carlington, of New York, made the desired order, and fixed the following day for the hearing of the argument. It is unnecessary to say that the hearing was a mere form—one of Walter Rawson's paid counsel appearing as the attorney for some unheard-of stockholder, to oppose the issuance of the decree. The order was made permanent, and the managers were appointed at a special meeting of the Cyclops directors that very night.

The new Board of Managers, as at first constituted, was not a remarkable body in any respect. With the exception of President Barnwell, who retained his post at the head of the new board, and Walter Rawson, the names of the managers were quite unfamiliar to the ears of the stockholders.

Among the list was Ixbars, a shrewd young Bostonian, whose acquaintance Rawson had made since landing on the Barbary Coast. Ixbars, despite the oddity of his name, was commonplace in appearance. He stood hardly more than five feet high, was quite corpulent, and somewhat effeminate in his manner and speech. A slight impediment in his voice, an almost imperceptible lisp, was the source of much mortification to him, and afforded his friends the motive for constant jokes at his expense. They would insist, for

instance, in his presence, that he had been born in jail, and called "Sixbars" by the turnkey, in the absence of any legitimate name, but that the inability of the child to pronounce his own name resulted in the shortening of the first syllable. This was the foulest slander, because old Aaron Ixbars and his wife, Sarah, still lived in a quiet village among the Berkshire hills, and were respected by their neighbors for their many virtues.

Ixbars was gifted with that supreme self-assurance vulgarly denominated "cheek." He differed from the type we already know, Mr. Catesberry, in that there was no apparent impudence in his manner. He was, however, just the person Rawson had been seeking ever since he adventured upon that stormy coast against which the waves of Wall Street beat. Unlike Rawson, Ixbars never had possessed any social standing by birth; but, like his master, he had imbibed an utter contempt for the opinion of the world. He did not read novels, but had he been addicted to that diversion, he would have fully agreed with the author of "Madeline":

"If you wish to cast consternation and despair into the human hive where you were born, or grew up, achieve, by uprightness (*déte hôte*) success, honor and fortune."

As a matter of simple justice to Ixbars, it should be said that he had reached considerable distinction in trade gained by the strictest integrity. At the age of thirty-five he had attained to a partnership in one of the most prominent "drygoods" houses in Boston. Fifteen years of fidelity and toil had made him rich. He studied human nature as well as cottons and linens. These years, however, had convinced him of the truth of the idea embodied in the paragraph which immediately follows the one quoted above:

"But if you wish, on the contrary, to diffuse among your neighbors a sweet emotion of joy, go astray, so that your virtuous fellow-citizens may be able to shed tears over your ruin. When they weep over us, they are longing to smile!"\*

He had discovered that those who console us under such circumstances congratulate themselves because we are no better than they.

Intent as Ixbars was on popularity, he had grown contemptuous of the good opinion of the few "highly respectable people" who, he knew, spoke of him with aversion in their families, but treated him with cringing courtesy on the floor of the Exchange and at his club. He became the popular idol of the New York multitude, and was the one man among a million for Rawson's purpose.

Aside from these two men, it must have been evident to the simplest understanding that the rest of the Board of Managers of the Cyclops were mere lay figures of good character, belonging to the class that Ixbars delighted to "snub." Rawson's purpose in choosing his coadjutors afterward became clear, when it was seen how the anomalous complexion of the board befogged the public, including the most severe critics of the Cyclops scheme. This fact provoked curiosity, fostered indecision among Rawson's opponents, and gave him time to perfect the details of the campaign which he foresaw. First there was a wave of negative approbation, and for a time the new board commanded some respect.

The price of the stock recovered the place it had held on the list before the collapse, and the few violent opponents of "the more simplified method of manag-

\* "Madeline," par Jules Sandeau.

ing the system" only exhausted themselves as well as the patience of the public in talk. The resignation of Mr. Barnwell at the end of three months, and the succession of Walter Rawson to the presidency, occasioned only passing comment. The duties of superintendent and treasurer were soon after united in the person of Mr. Ixbars.

A magnificent marble structure on Broadway was purchased, and the company's offices moved thereto. Such elegance of appointments had never been seen as were to be found there. Desks of solid ebony stood on Persian rugs. The messengers were attired in livery, resplendent with gold lace. Some of the best examples of Fortuny, Gerome, and Meissonier hung on the walls. The small private office of the president contained a quarter of a million dollars' worth of pictures! All of this was the evolution of Professor Morton's theory regarding the mental work-room.

The new Board of Managers next increased the Cyclops' stock from \$25,000,000 to \$58,000,000, the inflated scrip being issued in large blocks to brokers, in the interest of the president and treasurer. These certificates were freely marketed for the benefit of the management, but still stood on the company's transfer books in the brokers' names. Under one excuse or another, these books were made inaccessible to the rightful owners of the shares. When certificates of stock were left to be transferred, they were placed in the hands of the managers of the road, and the holder was rarely furnished with a receipt. After days of anxiety, the purchasers were generally glad to get the original certificates back again, and to leave forever the atmosphere of those beautiful offices.

This course culminated in the seizure of 60,000 shares which Hawkshaw & Panama, the representatives of a large body of English stockholders, attempted to transfer. A storm of indignation was the result, but the case went into the courts, where the adroit lawyer of the management kept it for six months. This act, however, had the moral effect desired by the cabal, because it frightened all other stockholders from attempting further transfers. Confidence in the Board of Management was soon utterly gone—the very condition of public sentiment, paradoxical though it seem, desired by Rawson and Ixbars.

Having sold Cyclops to an enormous amount, Rawson brought the litigation to a sudden termination by allowing a decision against the company. His board announced, with great show of regret, the surrender, under the order of the court, of the 60,000 shares of stock which "rightfully belonged to the company, because obtained by the foreign holders through the flagrant and corrupt neglect of the previous directory." They deprecated the severe blow to the finances of the corporation, entailed by this most unjust decision—all of which caused a sudden drop of twenty-five points in the stock. Rawson and Ixbars quietly gathered in enough shares to balance those which they had surrendered, seeing that they could not retain them a moment if the case were carried into open court.

This apparent surrender had one ill effect. Within a week President Rawson began to suspect the fidelity of some of his allies, and he saw that he must openly challenge his opponents. It was easy enough to keep control of the company so long as he could vote on the watered stock standing on the books in the names of friendly brokers, but danger lay in the steadfastness of these coadjutors. They must be convinced at once by some means that he was the man to tie to.

Another important factor which Rawson had feared

was an exposure of his schemes by the pure and incorruptible press of the metropolis. The *Cyclone*, which had now passed wholly under the control of John Burnaby—his old friend Jack—was launching columns of denunciation at the corrupt political horde that ruled New York. Rawson knew that Burnaby's friendship would never go far enough to sanction the scheme in which he was then engaged, and that the moment the editor learned the truth he would expose and denounce him. Rawson was particularly anxious, because he had found it necessary to affiliate in some degree with these politicians to secure such legislation as he needed regarding terminal facilities for his railway. Personally, he never had shared to the extent of a shilling in any of their rascalities, but their interests were his. Advardice makes strange companions.

Walter Rawson received a cablegram from Paris about this time, informing him that Mootla would sail for New York from Havre on the following day and asking him to meet her.

Ten days later when the *Periere* was announced he drove to the wharf. There he was surprised to see Jack Burnaby, who greeted him frankly, though formally. He, too, had evidently come to see somebody on the ship. Rawson lost sight of him in the crowd that surged toward the gangway, as the great steamer slowly swung round the pier's head into her dock.

Walter was closely on the watch for Mootla's face among the cabin passengers on the hurricane deck. When the ship was nearly in he saw a lady waving her handkerchief to him. She was Mootla, radiant in a closely-fitting Paris-made traveling dress. She showed delight and pleasure in every feature of her face. But who was that by her side? Jack—Jack Burnaby! In a way so characteristic of him, Jack had swung himself on board with a rope left hanging near the gangway opening by the boarding-officers at quarantine.

Walter divined what it meant. Burnaby was in love with her. It did not require a sage to discover that Mootla returned the affection.

Walter walked up the gang-plank as soon as it was out, and went on the upper deck. Mootla's greeting was very affectionate. She asked kindly about the wife he had chosen since their separation. Then she anxiously begged intelligence from her guardian, Mr. Mather, whose illness had brought her home and had necessitated her call upon two such good friends as Walter and Mr. Burnaby. Walter had not even heard of Mr. Mather's sickness.

"You know, Walter, yours is such a harem-scarem life that I feared you might be away when the cable message arrived, and I thought wisest to ask Mr. Burnaby to come down to the ship also."

Mr. Burnaby was bowing to another passenger, and affected not to have heard what was said.

"I will attend to your baggage, Mootla," volunteered Walter. "So you can get right into my carriage and drive to the house."

"Impossible, my dear fellow," answered Mootla. "However much I shall regret not to see Violet, my first duty is to go straight to 'The Willows,' and that I'll do by the earliest train." She turned and beckoned to her maid, who stood near by.

"Nanine, give the gentleman the keys to my twenty-eight trunks."

"I have them here, mademoiselle," answered the woman, producing a bunch of brass and steel keys that would have convicted any man on whose person they were found of being a professional burglar.

"No matter about the keys," said Walter, in a low



voice. "Lend me the small bag the maid carries, and I will attend to the examination of the baggage."

He took the bag, discreetly placed a \$100 note on the top of the gloves, keys and trinkets it contained and sallied off the ship to the wharf. When Mootla's trunks were all landed and placed in a row together, Walter selected a bright young inspector. He handed him the black bag, saying:

"You will find the keys on top, in the bag. These are the trunks," pointing them out.

They were "examined" in ten minutes, loaded into a truck and on their way to the Grand Central Depot a quarter of an hour later. Mootla went by the first train.

## CHAPTER XX.

### TAKING A GREAT LOSS.

WHO can explain all the motives to human action? Perhaps a writer of fiction; but for him, even, it is a difficult task.

Violet Rawson thought herself exceedingly happy. She was excessively petted by society. She was surrounded by a bevy of young women, mostly wives, who flattered her with an unusual amount of attention; she was not insensible to this homage, but accepted it as due to her husband's wealth and her own beauty. Walter did not fail to observe the compliments and the adulation showered upon Violet, and he was in a mixed condition of pleasure and anxiety about what he saw. For several weeks he groped about in the dark for an explanation, but finally he got a clew.

Mrs. Walter Rawson had failed utterly as a chaperone. She had discovered marriageable girls enough; but when the brilliant scheme on which she had set her heart was unfolded to Oliver Belwar he respectfully declined to wed. Then he redoubled his attentions to her.

As she had begun by sneering at him, she ended by confessing to herself complete admiration. The secret of her acquaintance with Belwar no longer gave her mind the slightest uneasiness. Other married women of "her set" accepted attentions quite as marked from young men of good families without exciting comment. Prior to this time, she had congratulated herself that nothing had occurred to compromise her; but now she felt superior to the opinion of the world. What society chose to think was a matter of indifference, so long as she believed in herself. As a married woman in society, she possessed several friends among her own sex who never by any possibility could have been accessible to her as a young girl. It was not very long under their tutelage until she thought a suspicious reputation rather desirable than otherwise—always provided, of course, that it was false.

Justice must be done to Belwar. He had contemplated no grave crime in thrusting himself into Violet's society. Though he hadn't any morals to speak of, he did not at the time belong to that species of man who goes about in search of conquests at the price of dishonor. The less mystery there is about his purpose the better, as it will leave us all the more time in which to observe the disastrous effects of his wooing upon this vain woman, who, entrenched in a love whose possession she had enjoyed from childhood, utterly failed in proper appreciation of its priceless value. The gossip of her friends had taught her to disbelieve in the virtue of man. From the very instant that Belwar declined her proffered aid in effecting a desirable marriage and begged to be considered only as her

slave, Violet flattered herself that this young man was passionately enamored with her, and was bent on her fall. It became a matter of secret pride to her, chiefly because she was so confident of her own strength. Then, too, it was gratifying to know that he had virtually refused any one of half a dozen fortunes, which he might have had as a wife's dowry, to throw himself at her feet without the slightest hope of any reward.

His was a bold, audacious preference for her, but that caused no aversion. She had long since observed that he always mentioned her husband with respect—indeed the first occasion in which he had spoken otherwise would have opened Violet's eyes to her danger. Did not Belwar often ask, "What does Mr. Rawson think" of this enterprise or of that stock? At first she rarely knew what Walter thought about any feature of his business; but as Belwar's inquiries continued, she interested herself more and more in speculation that she might converse with Walter on the subject. She read every day the money article in the *Herald*, and invented the cunningest little devices to obtain the information which appeared so desirable to know. Sometimes the form was like this:

"One of the abominable papers says that you are a 'bear' on the New Orleans Air Line. Now, what is a 'bear'?" she would ask, innocently enough.

"The bear—is a philosopher; he has discovered that 'the other fellow' will get tired holding on," Walter would answer, perhaps, good-humoredly.

"But, be serious. Don't you see your poor ignorant little wife is trying to learn something?"

"Well, a 'bear' is a man who believes in the depreciation of values at times as firmly as others do in their advance," Walter would explain.

"Then you believe in the depreciation. What does that mean—a decline in the market price of the New Orleans shares?"

"Exactly."

"You want it to go down, and that's why you're a 'bear'?"

"How quickly you learn!"

"Well, my love, don't tell me any more this time—my head is all befogged. It's worse than g'ometry."

How interesting it would be to know the methods employed by Deliah to wheedle from Samson the secret of his strength! If there had only been a Boswell in that family, the world, or at least the men in it, would be much wiser than they are. It seems incredible that it could have been imparted to her strictly as a confidence. Samson knew the treachery of the Philistines too well, and, even though unsuspecting of her duplicity, he was guarded in his replies to any direct questions on the subject. He experimented!

How similar the case of this modern and unconscious disciple of Deliah. Had Violet felt exactly right in her heart about Belwar's attentions she would have said to her husband:

"Our friend, Mr. Belwar, suggested to ask you whether it were better to buy or sell the New Orleans Air Line. Tell me what you advise so I can inform him when he calls."

Had she acted thus she had been a far brighter, shrewder woman than she was, because to do justice to her heart at the expense of her judgment, she did not fathom the designs of Belwar. Great is the trouble she would have averted had she only been truthful. A plain statement of the facts and a clear understanding of the situation would have enabled Walter to recognize the man's purpose, and he could have given Belwar a "pointer" that would have converted his ancestral

mansion into an auction-room; the intimacy would have ended, and she would have been free again. But Violet was a woman; when that is written all is said.

Belwar was impelled to be doubly discreet—first, in order to obtain the information he desired; and, second, to avoid awakening Violet's suspicions. To have wounded her pride by the slightest exposure of the fact that his ardent court was not wholly due to love of her, would have been fatal to his project. Even the suspicion that she was being used by an adventurous lover would have evoked open repulse. Violet was, however, unsuspecting, and the fact that she was generally able to obtain the desired information without open confession, gave to the service a secret and attractive zest.

Oliver Belwar was only a seeker after "points." His methods were such that he attained very satisfactory results. He secured a half dozen morsels of information in this way during the first six months' struggle over the Consolidated Cyclops, that netted him a small fortune in the stock market.

Just prior to the great break in the Cyclops shares, on the Hawkshaw and Panama decision, Violet approached her husband on the theme of stock speculation one night. She wanted to know what was to be "done" in Cyclops, but she was less clever than usual. Without suspecting the directness of the question, Walter asked:

"Why, pet? Do you inquire for some of your lady friends? Have you any stock speculators among them?"

Walter might have seen her face get burning hot, as she stammered:

"Yes; I more than half suspect it."

"Who asked you, Violet?"

"Miss—no, Mrs. Gunwale—"

Her face now glowed like a coal. It was her first deliberate falsehood to Walter, and before a moment had passed, she wished she had died before uttering it. She then realized that another chance to mention Belwar had escaped her—the last opportunity that ever presented itself!

Walter knew Mrs. Gunwale very slightly; but he understood her husband perfectly—a man whom he believed to be capable of anything disreputable in the way of business. Walter knew him as an ally of Dobell's, upon whose shoulders more than one joint responsibility had been loaded, because there were in it certain features that would not have stood the calcium-light of an experience meeting or an investigation by an Exchange committee. Walter decided that Mrs. Gunwale's intimacy with his wife (she was old enough to have been Violet's mother) was for the purpose of utilizing information obtained from him through her for speculative purposes.

In the moment that elapsed before he resumed the conversation, Walter imagined the situation to be much more complicated than it really was. In his mind's eye, he saw Violet surrounded by harpies who were employing every species of cajolement, subtle insinuation and open entreaty to obtain early information as to his purposes.

Walter decided to teach the old speculator, Gunwale, a lesson.

"Well, little one," resumed Walter slowly, drawing his wife confidentially toward him, "I should like to do Mrs. Gunwale a favor, for your sake."

"You are very kind, Walter."

"I fancy the Gunwales haven't any too much money now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"I expect she wants a new team; or, perhaps, a wedding outfit for that eldest girl of hers?"

"I haven't thought of that," said Violet, rapidly regaining confidence, only to plunge further into falsehood. "The sly old minx; she said she'd call in the morning."

"Very well. Now, Violet, tell her that I'm advising all my friends to buy Cyclops; that it's certain to make a sudden and splendid advance this week."

"I will, indeed. Good night. What a kind-hearted fellow you are." And she went to bed, and pretended to sleep.

Rawson, on the contrary, lay wide awake half the night. His eyes had been opened to possibilities that never had occurred to him before. The interest that Violet had appeared to take in his business of late, so pleasing and flattering at the time, now suggested a doubt whether this was the first instance in which his wife's friends had quizzed her to their mercenary advantage. Never, for an instant, did he doubt Violet's fidelity to him. If his worst suspicions were true, they afforded new proofs of her innocence and purity. Her mind ought not to be made cognizant of this phase of the world's duplicity, he reasoned. No; but now that he was on his guard, he had nothing to fear from its results in the future. Indeed, might he not utilize the very snares that were laid for her, by supplying "points" that he knew would prove disastrous?

Strange how easily the human heart can justify what it does, though it may condemn with celerity the same act in others.

"When the enemy approaches under ground," argued Walter with himself, "the defence—counter-mines."

That's what he would do. He would encourage Violet to disseminate among all who sought it just such information as he chose to give her. As long as she knew not that she was serving the purpose of a stock-jobbing news-monger, her innocent mind would remain uncontaminated—a novel way, so like the man, of paying old debts. So imbued was Walter with this idea when he awoke in the morning, that he said to his wife, as they were dressing for breakfast:

"If, for any reason, Mrs. Gunwale does not call here you had better stop at her house this afternoon on your way to the Park. It will be too late if the hint is not acted on by to-morrow."

"No doubt she will call," said Violet, awkwardly.

"Suppose I suggest the matter to Gunwale himself? I see him every day."

"Oh! no. No, Walter, don't do that. It might violate what she intended as a confidence."

"But no doubt she'll ask her husband to buy the stock," he suggested.

"Likely as not; but she'll not reveal the source of her information. She's like any other woman."

"I don't mind his knowing that the suggestion comes from me."

"Well, let her tell him," exclaimed Violet. "I'll see Mrs. Gunwale surely to-day."

Poor Violet! she was literally at her wit's end. Why had she named Mrs. Gunwale? Why had she named anybody? Why, above all, had she falsified? She magnified the gravity of the situation even more than Walter had from his point of view. If Mrs. Gunwale (perfectly innocent as she was) ever learned that Violet accused her of playing the spy for a mercenary benefit, it was easy to foresee there would be a social explosion that might involve all sorts of consequences.

As a result of the tide of circumstances, Violet not only confided the precious secret regarding the coming sharp advance in Cyclops to Oliver Belwar, but also forced it upon the unsuspecting, though not unwilling, Mrs. Gunwale. Violet called at her house. She chatted about the discomforts of hotel life and the satisfaction she had enjoyed since the change to a house of her own. There were a thousand things the visitor could have said that would have been news to the elder woman, because their acquaintance was only of the most formal kind. Violet, however, proved her latent woman's tact when she quietly remarked:

"But what is better than all else is Walter's good health and exuberance of spirits."

"I am glad, for your sake, my dear Mrs. Rawson," answered the elder woman, in her naturally effusive way, reflecting, as she spoke, on the splendor of the lace scarf that was thrown back from Violet's neck while in the house.

"All his troubles are at an end. Everything is settled in the Cyclops litigation, and Walter tells me, confidentially, that the advance in the price of that stock next week will be so sharp that it will make everybody interested in the company rich. He even said that one of his friends had mortgaged his house to buy still more before it gets scarce."

"Indeed! that's worth knowing," exclaimed Mrs. Gunwale, exhibiting unmistakable interest.

Violet soon after took her leave; but there was plenty of time between that hour and ten o'clock next morning for old Gunwale to be apprised of the valuable secret.

When, on a succeeding day—a Friday, that dark and portentous seventh of every week—the decision of the court was rendered at the very hour Walter had directed, the shot struck two enemies. One was known to Rawson, the other unknown. The sudden drop of twenty-five dollars per share in Cyclops, described in a previous chapter, ruined Oliver Belwar. Gunwale was hurt to the extent of \$100,000; three brokers were forced to suspend, and a general panic was threatened.

It was quoted to Rawson's credit (for a few days only) that he came personally to the rescue of the stock, and by purchases of 40,000 shares at about the lowest figures, prevented further decline.

He little dreamed what vials of wrath he had opened for the future.

By noon the next day poor Violet's face was the picture of shame and despair. Mrs. Gunwale rushed to her house and visited on her the depths of her indignation. She upbraided Violet with shameless ingratitude for social favors which she invented as fast as they could be named. She called her a hired "stool-pigeon," a "panderer to a stock-gambler," and many other nameless epithets that women of veneered refinement use in the presence of their own sex with surprising ease and fluency. Worst of all, she vowed she'd see Walter Rawson and tell him to his face what "a worthless hound" he had shown himself by sending his wife, unasked, to tell her such ruinous falsehoods.

Violet foresaw in that threatened meeting between her husband and this infuriated woman complete exposure. Then burst upon her in all its terrible actuality a realization of how she had, step by step, committed herself to a policy of fraud, and had dragged this fellow-sinner's happiness down amid the ruins of her

own. And, worst of all, while she might have survived the injury done to another woman, her own situation appalled her.

Walter was too much engrossed in his great enterprises to give more than a passing thought of satisfaction to Gunwale's misfortune (which somehow had leaked out in the street) or to observe Violet's distress. It is possible that he detected the paleness of her face; but heavens! anxiety had caused his own cheeks to wear the shadow of death.

Never had he made a more clever stroke nor a quicker "turn." The hour seemed just the one for an even bolder move. All his "shorts" had been covered and the deliveries quietly made. Why not cause his failure to be announced and break the market even lower, to buy? It was a bright idea. For fear that Violet might see the rumors in the newspapers, he would prepare her mind and reassure her.

As he was about to go to his office Tuesday morning, Walter kissed his trembling wife even more tenderly than usual. She followed him to the front door, a marked favor on her part. 'Twas the very moment to tell her what he wanted to say in such a form that it would have the desired effect if repeated. Therefore he exclaimed:

"Good-bye, little wife. I shall probably be a beggar before night."

"A what!" she gasped.

"A pauper, my dear. This great smash in Cyclops has ruined me."

She stood before him, speechless. He was frightened at her appearance, and sought to reassure her, in part, at least, by saying:

"What matters it, Violet. I still have you."

With languid tenderness she lingered at the foot of the stairs, and yielded her lips when he embraced her once again.

Walter Rawson left the house, and entered his coupé in perfect happiness, thinking in his heart, now so blinded by selfishness and avarice:

"Since life is joy—is love—why can't we live forever?"

He returned that evening to find Violet gone, with all her wardrobe and valuables.

What had happened? This:

A half hour after Walter's departure, Oliver Belwar had driven furiously up to the door. He had asked for Mrs. Rawson, had informed her that Mrs. Gunwale knew all; and was, at that very moment on her way to Walter's office, to expose to him the faithless character of his wife. He ended by falling at her feet, swearing eternal fidelity, and beseeching her to fly with him to Europe, on the steamer that sailed at daylight. Confirming, as did this story, all her worst fears, Violet accepted the inevitable fate of a silly woman driven to desperation, and—fell.

She acted impulsively and foolishly. She summoned her maid, announced that her father was dying at a hotel in Boston, and that she had been called there at once. Throwing into two trunks her jewels, and such articles of wearing apparel as were accessible, she had them carried to the street, and placed upon the coach. Then she was driven away, no one knew whither.

Thus ended Walter's dream of happiness. It had lasted little more than three years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## MIGMA.

### The Position of the Independents.

PRESIDENT SEELYE of Amherst is one of those Independents who think that the life and strength of a high moral purpose have departed from the Republican party. He considers it dead, inert, back-slidden, and only fit to be buried with honor or beaten into new life with the surviving of disaster. Writing of it recently, he remarks:

"The Republican party, though numbering still many of the best men of the land, has evidently lost its high moral tone, and can only become again a trust-worthy servant of the people by the chastisement of a great defeat."

The pessimistic tendency of our modern thought was never better displayed than in the line of argument adopted by the class of thinkers represented by Professor Seelye. They are unceasing in their assertion that the Republican party is in its decadence. Saving the blessed remnant composed of the querulous and fastidious few, there is nothing of moral worth or value left in it. They boastfully refer to what it was, and modestly eulogize themselves as the sole heirs of all its virtues and traditions. The general state of political grace they constantly bewail, and bemoan their sad fate in being cast upon the shores of time in such a dull and pulseless era.

Such people make two mistakes. In the first place, they are no better than the masses of the party they so relentlessly malign. The Republican party of to-day is composed of the same elements that have always mustered under its banner. The great bulk of the intelligence, patriotism and integrity of the people of the North is to be found in its ranks. The helpless and the oppressed of the South—those that need aid and comfort in the struggle toward light and liberty—stand with them. Over against them stands the Democratic party. Its most powerful element is that great reactionary force—the product of slavery and rebellion—the "Solid South." The very best characteristics of this element are its most dangerous ones. It has always been the source of turbulence and peril to the country. Its tendency has been backward and revolutionary. Its ideas of right and wrong, of liberty and oppression, are so radically different from those prevailing among the better elements of our Northern life that one hardly wonders at the fact that it is mainly the ignorant and vicious of the North that affiliate with it.

These two are the opposing forces of the time. The defeat of the one is the triumph of the other. The success of the one is the domination of the forces and ideas that inspire the best average American life. The supremacy of the other means the predominance of a sentiment representing the forces which have always been hostile to what we term progress, liberty and purity.

It is between these two ideas that the voter must choose. The class of men of whom President Seelye is an example never seem to think that all political progress is gained through a choice between evils. No man of active brain will ever find a successful party which will agree with him upon all points, unless it is built upon his special idea, which becomes its cornerstone and animating impulse. No such issue is proffered by the Independents of to-day. They simply aver that the Republican party is unworthy of their co-operation and support because it has nominated Blaine and Logan. They do not claim that it has not the elements of a good party in it, but it needs "chas-

tisement" and "defeat" to bring out its good qualities. They do not offer any new or strong idea; they do not claim to have any principle of opposition. They object to Mr. Blaine, not because they know or can prove or even claim that he has ever done any particular evil, but because they think his moral tone is not so high as they wish it might be. It is not charged that he made any improper use of his official position to secure his own advantage; but it is claimed that certain letters show that if opportunity had served he would not have been averse to receiving a reward for an act which it was either his duty to have performed without considering his personal interest either way, or else not to have performed at all. Either of these hypotheses are discreditable enough, but neither of them would afford sufficient excuse for an assault upon the party, made because of his nomination. The choice of Mr. Blaine as a candidate simply shows that the party does not believe the charges against him or entertain the inferences drawn therefrom. The Independents may be right and the Republican party wrong in regard to Mr. Blaine, but the question for the voter to decide is, whether good is more likely to come out of the success of that party with Mr. Blaine at its head, black as he has been or can be painted, or from the forces that dominate the Democratic party with even the saintliest of its representatives in the lead.

THE remedy which President Seelye presents for Republican demoralization would be laughable, if we did not know that an earnest, candid mind stood behind the absurdly cautious hypotheses. He says, with the most serious gravity:

"If the Democratic party shall nominate men who can be trusted—men who are wise and true, and can resist a pressure—it will, in my judgment, be wise to elect them."

He well knows that such a thing is an impossibility. No man can be made President by a party without being, or being supposed to be, an exponent of that party's thought. "If," he says, "the Democratic party shall nominate men who can resist a pressure"—the pressure of what, pray? Evidently the pressure of the Democratic party—of the power that vivifies and creates—the power they represent, with which they must co-operate, and to which they must look for inspiration. In other words, President Seelye thinks that if the Democrats will nominate a man who will sell out his party, and give himself up to the lead of such political nondescripts as the Independents, then it might be well to help elect him. President Seelye knows full well that "men do not gather grapes of thorns." He knows, too, that the Democratic party is a bundle of thorns. There is hardly an element of it that, were it in power to-morrow, would not be a menace to prosperity and progress. Whatever it has done of good it has done grudgingly and at the latest minute. It has opposed every good thing the Republican party has achieved, until compelled by public wrath to desist. The achievements of which it most clamorously boasts are of a purely negative character. Its proudest claims are that it has prevented the Republican party from doing what might have been hurtful. Mr. Seelye knows that a white crow would be a discovery a thousand times more likely than the particular Democratic candidate whom he describes. He knows—and reveals in the very sentences we quote for his conviction—that

what is good, and patriotic, and worthy, is not to be expected from the Democratic party. He would risk it under certain conditions, however, for the sake of chastising the Republican party. In other words, because the Republican party has not done exactly as he wishes, he will, to show his spite, act with a party which he does not believe will do any of the things that ought to be done.

The truth is, the Independents have not the courage or the self-denial, to attempt the building up of a new party. They wish to be courted and petted by the Republicans, and accounted the leaders of the party while they labor for its defeat. If they had an issue, an idea for the success of which they were willing to sink their own vanity, they would be worthy of respect. When, however, they simply talk about selling their votes to this party or that, merely to have their own way, or punish those who fail to agree with them, they become simply political pirates, who are willing to hoist the black flag for the sake of revenge.

It does not seem to have occurred to any of the men who are scolding about the degeneracy of the Republican party that they are themselves largely responsible for whatever of apathy there is in its ranks. Nothing but the highest moral tone on the part of those who should be in the advance of public sentiment will keep any party at its best. Great issues of right and wrong appeal to the public conscience and compel a hearing. The righteousness of liberty was the underlying impulse of public thought during the struggle that culminated in war. The nation was aflame with patriotic sentiment, because the work that waited for its hands was a great and holy one. The nation was ready to do right, though the heavens should fall. Had these very leaders of thought—these Carlylean fault-finders who are now haranguing about apathy and degeneracy—had these men given their power and influence to keep the public mind at the same high pitch of conscious rectitude, there would have been no trouble of the kind they now bewail. Instead of that, however, the smoke of conflict was hardly lifted before they led the way in teaching our people to depreciate and underrate their grandest achievement. They began to regret and belittle the war and its results. Instead of that stern ruggedness of sentiment which was necessary to keep the public conscience alive and keen, these very men began to trade and barter away the results of victory. Had they set before the people in the hour of conquest the necessity of digging up the roots of slavery, informing, educating and developing the slave into a self-reliant, self-protecting freeman, and in the meantime extended to him that security and stability of right which our mockery of enfranchisement pretended to grant—in short, had they consented and urged that the natural, righteous and logical consequences of the overthrow of rebellion should be carried into thorough practical effect, there would have been no lowering of tone in the Republican party to complain of now. The truth is, that the frittering away of results bought with blood has discouraged the masses of the party. They cannot believe that the war was a mere friendly quarrel, to be forgotten as soon as hands could be shaken. The instinct of the nation recognizes that a great principle has been cast aside and trampled under foot. The people know that a grander work than the mere freeing of the slave was thrown carelessly away, while wise men fought and quarreled about "mint and cummin." They know that the protection, elevation and preparation of the freedman for the state and condition of self-

government has been abandoned on the advice and under the leadership of these men. They know that our history has been stained with the most cowardly and shameful abandonment of weak and trustful allies that history has ever recorded. If the sniveling, whining sentimentalists who were willing to turn over the freedman to the tender mercies of his hereditary oppressor had had iron enough in their blood to be willing to do justice to their friends as well as render mercy to their enemies, the country would now have been nearing the close of a greater and nobler work than it has ever yet performed, and the public conscience would have been to-day as keen as when it put the shield of its love and confidence between its idolized Lincoln and the fierce assaults of such narrow-minded but honest zealots as Wade, Winter Davis, and not a few of the present malcontents. The people have learned to distrust such leaders. They have found by a shameful experience that the men who claim the direction of the public conscience are not unfrequently dead to the ordinary impulses of every-day justice and a generous manhood. If the public conscience is debauched no class of men are more responsible for the fact than those who betrayed the results of the war into the hands of the enemy, and left the colored man to pick his weary way through ages of ignorance and oppression up to the liberty which we owed to him as a sacred debt for the blood he shed for us in our time of sorest need.

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#### Qualifications for Office.

It is curious how the idea of personal fitness for the office of President and Vice-President changes. Not many years ago we saw the strange spectacle of the greatest of Massachusetts's politicians, called from his bed at night by a clamorous crowd, assuring his untimely admirers, with a lofty and condescending air, that the selection of a gallant soldier as the standard bearer of his party was "a nomination unfit to be made." The man who said this was a libertine, a drunkard, a man who sponged upon his friends and spent in debauchery the money thus procured, a man who received his own promises to pay as a reward for a speech in favor of slavery—but he was Daniel Webster. He represented the respectability, culture and sense of the fitness of things of Massachusetts, and to his mind the life of the unpretentious soldier, which had been simple and clear, rendered him a "most unfit" occupant of the White House. It was his idea that only a great statesman should preside there, and he would no doubt have deemed it much more appropriate that it should be the scene of his own wild debaucheries.

A good many people of to-day are similarly inclined to make mountains out of molehills. It is seriously urged as an objection against Gen. Logan, that he has been known in the haste of epistolary composition to misspell a word. We do not know whether or not it is true, and we do not care. He has always been able to spell Duty, and to spell it promptly, too. He certainly cannot spell any worse than George Washington did. But we are told that Washington did not have as good an opportunity to learn to spell as Logan. If there is any sort of truth in history he had a great deal better. The instruction of a saintly old mother and a painstaking tutor, and the training of a practical surveyor, constituted no mean preparation for the spelling-school. Besides, the real burden of self-support did not fall on Washington's young days as it did on the boy, Jack Logan. "Oh, but," the objector says, "they did not spell well in those days, at best."

That is, spelling had not then developed as a fine art. Genius did not exhaust itself on the forms of words. The careful guardians of our language had not yet filed their bonds or taken out authority to direct and limit its development. Yet the fact remains that there were in the colonies any number of more proficient orthographers than George Washington. There was a plenty of old-field schoolmasters who could probably have passed a civil service examination such as George could not. There were numbers of the young and old ladies of that day, who have left for our delectation letters now brown with age, and quaint and cumbrous in expression, but of faultless orthographic and chirographic form. Yet, somehow, none of these orthographic models became the great liberator, and one rough misspelled sentence of his to-day is worth a ton of their faultless prattlings. In one way and another the world found that he could do other and even greater things than to spell correctly. Cromwell was another who played sad havoc with the forms of English words of his day, but he was the greatest man that ever ruled in England, and made possible the British Empire of to-day.

Perhaps no man since Washington had left so strong an impress on American life, before Lincoln's time, as Andrew Jackson. Yet his whole life was a murderous onslaught upon unoffending words. Even the writs which he filled out and filed as an attorney are full of uncouthly spelled words, and his orders as a general, we are told, required the constant oversight of an adjutant.

If we may believe one of his biographers, Mr. Lincoln himself was not always accurate in his orthography. We confess we are inclined to doubt the statement, though at first sight it would seem natural. There was something so painstaking and thorough in his mastery of the few things he undertook to know, that we should look for his orthography to be as precise as his handwriting.

There is no sort of doubt, however, that General Logan's range of knowledge and information is much greater than was that of either of the men we have mentioned. He may not always spell English correctly, but he thinks and speaks American with surprising force and vigor, and has a knowledge of men, events, and policies, which makes him fully the equal of the most stilted orthographic dude that ever exhausted his intellect in locating a double 'l.'

By the way, it is probable that poor Horace Greeley was the only absolutely faultless orthographer that ever aspired to either of the two great elective offices. It is said that he would see at the first glance a single misspelled word in a broadside of the *Tribune*. He was not able to spell his way to the White House, however, the people having the idea that a level head was even more important than correct orthography. It may be that it was his execrable penmanship that deprived him of the advantage he might have gained had his good spelling had a fair show.

A FRIEND who is sitting by us as we write assures us that Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes is equally accurate in the use of the Cadmean symbols. We had no intention of carrying the argument so far. We did not at all mean to intimate that a good speller is not likely to be good for anything else, but this instance goes very far in support of such a notion.

SPEAKING of bad spelling, we are reminded of Major William A. Smith, late a member of Congress from North Carolina. His early education was somewhat neglected, but few men of readier wit or sounder sense were to be found than the genial Representative from Johnson County, in his prime. During his service in Congress he had prepared a bill upon a subject in which he was deeply interested, and submitted it to a friend for criticism and comment before introducing it in the House. The friend read it carefully through, and was silent.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Smith, confidently.

"It—is—a—very—very—good—bill, Major—only—ah—er—only—"

"Only what? Out with it!" said the author of the bill, impetuously.

"Only its spelling is—is somewhat peculiar," gasped the friend, apprehensive of an outburst.

"Peculiar! How?" queried the Congressman, snatching the document and glancing over it hastily.

"Well, nothing serious," said the timorous friend, "only—well, some of the words are spelled two or three ways in it."

"Oh, is that all?" said the relieved legislator.

"They'll all understand it, won't they?"

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"That's what I want!" said Smith, dropping a heavy hand on his friend's shoulder, "and betwixt you and me, I haven't a durn bit of respect for a man who hasn't genius enough to spell a word more than one way."

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#### The Apotheosis of the Kukulux Klan.

SOME years ago, we had a conversation with a prominent lawyer of the South, who had dropped into our office for an hour's chat. The warfare with the Kukulux Klan in his state was just over. The legislature had passed an act pardoning all for crimes committed at the behest of the Klan and kindred organizations, and a score of men under indictment for murder had walked free out of the hands of justice.

The conversation naturally turned upon this subject. Our position in regard to the Klan and its atrocities was well known. It was through our exertions mainly that the law had finally been brought home to these midnight marauders, and the act of amnesty made necessary to save its leaders from the penalty of crimes committed at their instigation or under their direction. The position of our caller was the very antipode of this. He had long been our personal friend. More than one of the ex-members of the famous Klan have assured us that we were once indebted to this man's intervention for our life. When we spoke to him of it he merely remarked, "Oh, that was nothing." It was never mentioned between us again. As we smoked and talked that day, our friend freely admitted, not indeed his connection with the Klan, but his knowledge of its existence and organization. A remark which he made on that occasion seemed ludicrous enough at the time, but it has since appeared to us little less than prophetic. Laying his hand upon our knee he said seriously and earnestly, "You may not believe it now, but the time will come when the Kukulux will be regarded as the saviors of the country." We laughed at his prediction, but have lived to believe in its fulfillment. Why should it not be fulfilled? All the best people of the section through which its marvelous career extended believe most devoutly in its beneficence. Those who remember its bloody reign with terror and aversion are only



negroes and white Republicans—themselves the real disturbers of the peace of the South, whose very presence and liberty of thought and speech were the exciting causes of this same Kukuluxism. In all that region, to have been an active participant in the work of the Klan is to-day even a greater glory than to have shared the vicissitudes of the Confederate cause. Nor is this at all surprising. The Kukulux conspiracy was a much more daring rebellion than that which resulted in the formation of the Confederacy, and many of the white people of the South represented the same central thought of devotion to the interests and ideas of that section. Whoever became a member of the Klan, according to all principles of our English law, simply thrust his head into a halter. He became at least an accessory before the fact in murder every time a man was sentenced to death by vote of his Klan. It was but natural that people who believed that these masked night-riders were thus each day perilling life in their defence, should account them the most devoted of heroes. They were engaged in a great and necessary work. They were putting down the negroes, driving out the pestiferous white Republicans, and giving the power of the new-made States back into the hands where it ought to have rested from the first—the hands of that minority whose rights could not be asserted at the ballot-box.

Then, too, the Kukulux conspiracy had the prestige of success. The Confederate soldier, when he boasts of his exploits, is always handicapped by the unfortunate outcome of the war. It is indeed a marvellous fact that *eight millions* of freemen, without ships, manufactories, or any of the advantages of pre-existing organization, should have held at bay for four long years the assault of *nineteen millions*. It is no wonder that they are proud of it. It is hardly to be wondered at that the North is almost ashamed of it. But, after all, the Confederate hero is borne down with the fact of final defeat, and the poor Federal soldier has the memory of Appomattox to console him. The Kukulux leaders have no such drawback to their glory. They succeeded against odds a thousandfold greater than the Confederacy ever faced by the sheer force of daring and sagacity. They not only overcame the power of the Union men who had been traitors to the Confederacy, but they also put to rout the combined powers of the Unionists, negroes and Northern men who had become citizens of that "Invisible Empire" which they established over the land. Considering the numbers of this coalition, the triumph of the Kukulux over them was of itself very remarkable; but it is only when we pause to consider that the very government which had overthrown the Confederacy stood—or was supposed to stand—behind these representatives of its policy, who were carrying out its laws and relying upon the protection of its authority, that we realize how stupendous was the task the Kukulux undertook, and how unmatched was the skill and courage with which it was accomplished.

Not only is this true, but the Kukulux are entitled to the further credit of having been extremely merciful. No revolution of anything like such extent was ever before conducted to a successful issue with so little bloodshed. In the entire struggle, from the passage of the first Reconstruction Act until the final overthrow of the last state government organized under it, and the firm establishment of the Kukulux minority in power, not more than *five thousand*, or at the outside *six thousand*, men are known to have been killed from political causes in the whole South. Of whippings, mutilations, and

other acts of violence there were a great many more—perhaps tenfold.

But it can honestly be said of this strange organization that, as a rule, it was very discriminating and merciful, as well as wonderfully shrewd and sagacious, in the conduct of the revolution it undertook. Its members injured nobody whom they could frighten into compliance by a display of force, and killed few, if any, who might have been restrained by milder measures, such as whipping or mutilation. In short, they may be said to have proceeded to extreme measures only in cases of necessity. Their first resort was always to milder means. Reports of a more or less infamous character were set afloat against contumacious parties. If these did not suffice to restrain them from hostile utterances or acts of opposition, then threats were used, and these also failing to effect the desired result, violence was finally resorted to, in most cases no doubt with extreme reluctance.

By far the greatest triumph of the Klan, however, was that achieved over the people of the North. At first the existence of the Klan, or any such organization, was stoutly denied with such persistency of iteration that a larger part of the good people of the North believe to this day that it was a myth, and that the terrible stories that fill the thirteen volumes of Congressional reports are the imaginary tales of suborned and untruthful witnesses. After this came the period of excuse. It was admitted that there were sporadic bodies of irresponsible and low-down men, who paraded sometimes in disguise and were now and then provoked to deeds of violence. All of these acts the people of the North were told, with well-assumed contrition, were repented and regretted by all the good people of the vicinages. After this came the era of justification. Even yet it was not admitted that any of the good people knew anything about the Klan, but the sufferings of the white people of the South under negro rule were so enormous, and were stated with such horrible and impressive vagueness, that the tender-hearted Northern people believed all that was said and a thousand times more than that was so deftly intimated, and the bulk of those who were able to believe in the existence of the Klan at all qualified their belief with an excusing justification of what it had done.

Even this was not altogether unnatural. The negro, it must be admitted, has disappointed the good people of the North, who were so anxious for his freedom and enfranchisement. According to their expectations, just as soon as he was freed, each and every individual of the race should have shown himself as wise as Solomon, and as holy as St. John. Unfortunately, there was only a period of two hundred and fifty years between that day and barbarism, and the interval had been passed in a state of bondage, with the spelling-book sealed under penalty of death. Under the circumstances, the negroes did marvellously well, but they did not perform miracles. Because of this, the people of the North were disappointed in their ebon protégés, and were all the more inclined readily to believe all that was said and intimated in regard to the necessity of the Klan's work, and its inspiring causes.

Thus it will be seen that all the elements were at hand to justify our friends' prediction that the beneficence of the Klan would be recognized. It is not yet entirely fulfilled, but one can easily perceive that it soon will be.

An article in the *July Century* has provoked these musings. The article itself is not half so significant as the mildly condemnatory and kindly sympathetic re-

marks with which the editor accompanies this contribution to his pages. The time has already arrived when the fact of Kukluxism has become a thing to be tenderly regretted at the North, and exultingly remembered at the South. If the people of the North had not fully decided that the causes, facts, and consequences of the stupendous revolution effected at the South through the agency of the Klan were entirely unworthy of their consideration, and, in a sense, outside of what they might properly consider at all, there are certain points in "the history of the origin, growth and disbandment of the Klan," which the *Century* article professes to give, that might fairly be called to their attention. The author makes some very startling admissions, as well as some very absurd conclusions.

He tells us that "the Klan was the out-growth of peculiar conditions, social, civil, and political, which prevailed at the South from 1865 to 1869." This is an important admission, as some hundreds of witnesses who were members of the Klan have sworn that it "had nothing political about it," and this assertion has been reiterated by the press of the South, until it is now really comforting to hear the Klan's authorized historian admit it.

He declares that it was organized, with much form and ceremony, in June, 1866, in the town of Pulaski, Tennessee. The Northern reader should refresh his recollection of a history which he never considered it worth his while to keep the run of, in estimating the importance of this. The "Surrender" was in the Spring of 1865, therefore the Klan was organized a year after that event. The Reconstruction Act was passed in the spring of 1867. At the date of the organization, then, Parson Brownlow, as Provisional Governor, and that blood-thirsty tyrant, General George H. Thomas, held sway in Tennessee.

The author tells us that the organization was made by "the young men of Pulaski who escaped death on the battle-field, returned home, and passed through a period of enforced inactivity." The italics are ours, because we cannot understand how they were *forced* to be idle. Every staple of the South was in demand, and every man who was willing to work could find a chance. After describing the organization, and the character of the ritual, the author says: "And the object of all this was—amusement"—"only this and nothing more."

So it will be seen that the organization which grew out of "social, civil, and political conditions at the South between 1865 and 1869," was really organized in 1866, just for the fun of the thing, by a company of ex-Confederate soldiers who could find no other occupation. Somehow, the allegation reminds one of the old saw, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It seems almost a pity the gallant ex-Confederates had not chosen to raise corn and cotton instead of Cain. However, there must have been a good many others affected in like manner, for the author tells us that in a short time "the movement spread as far North as Virginia and as far South as Texas." He also tells us that "the Klan was at first very careful in regard to the character of the men admitted." Also, "during the Fall and Winter of 1866, the growth of the Klan was rapid." "In the beginning of the year 1867" (before the passage of the Reconstruction Acts, be it remembered, and while the South was yet under the military control of the general government), the author informs us, "it was virtually, though not yet professedly, a band of regulators." It does seem as if the "fun" for which the Klan was started must have given out very soon—more's the pity! In the Spring

of 1867 "a convention was held at Pulaski, at which there were delegates from Tennessee, Alabama, and a number of other states." Its domain already constituted an "Invisible Empire."

The writer alleges as "perhaps the most potent of all causes of the transformation" of the Klan from a club of masqueraders into a band of regulators, "was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of Union League." The author is a little out as to the character of this organization. However obnoxious it may have been, it was neither "spurious" nor "perverted," but was the genuine article. It was an organization that had extended through the North during the war and was regarded as a very decent sort of a thing. Its chief tenet was devotion to the Union, and its obligation, taken on the flag and the constitution, was an oath to protect and defend the Union. It was no doubt very annoying to the Southern people that their recent slaves should thus band together. It must be recollected by those who would understand this that the assemblage of more than three colored men after dark, without leave had first been obtained, even for the worship of God, was an unlawful and riotous assemblage in every Southern state. No wonder that a hundred or two of them meeting together in a carefully guarded grove, and singing, so as to be heard a mile away, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," should seem to the late masters and mistresses a most portentous and terrible evil. So the Kuklux Klan, then extending from Virginia to Texas, undertook the task of making the negroes "behave themselves."

The author quite forgets all the terrible facts recited in the report of General Thomas and the message of Governor Brownlow in the fall of 1868, but recounts with indignation the fact that negroes organized to resist the Klan, and that "on several occasions they were fired into." Then came the first attempt at suppression. The legislature of Tennessee was called together, and a statute about half as stringent as the old law against assisting a slave to escape was passed against these peaceful regulators. It was a very stringent statute, nevertheless. Pending its consideration, the Grand Cyclops published an edict which the author of this history insists shall be taken as an authoritative declaration of the purposes of the Klan. Those who lived in the hot-blast of that time will smile at the simplicity of this proposal. It only asks that the words of the accused parties shall be heard to conclusively deny the acts of the Klan. The people of the North will accept it, however, as conclusive. So, too, they will be very likely to accept the edict disbanding the Klan, which was issued by the Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire a few days after the proclamation of martial law by Governor Brownlow in Tennessee, and was evidently designed to constitute a defense for future offenses, against the charge of conspiracy. This the author terms the disbandment of the Klan. Unfortunately, the Grand Wizard had no power; and, if it be true that the Butcher of Fort Pillow was that officer, as is generally believed, it is hardly to be supposed that he cared to dissipate the power that had been invoked by the fun-loving ex-Confederates from the inflammable material lying ready to their hands.

There may be some, even at the North, whose inconvenient memories will recall the fact that the most atrocious, wide-spread and terrible of the acts of the Klan were perpetrated after the date of this pretended disbandment in 1869. There are yet some whose memories go back to those terrible years, 1870, 1871, 1872 and 1873, and see again the masked and rabid night-

riders, hear the hiss of the lash, and remember the ghastly corpses which the pretended members of the Klan found it necessary to furnish at intervals in order to repress the lingering tendency to self-rule among the misguided blacks. There are only a few of these, however, and the great body of the Northern people are already willing to admit that the Kuklux were a patriotic and gallant band, whose provocation was unendurable, and who have really been altogether too much blamed for acts that were meant to be both patriotic and Christian, but which party hate compelled to bear the guise of cruelty and malice. As we have already erased from our banner the names of all the battles of the Rebellion; as we have removed from our captured cannon the inscriptions of victory; as we have extolled the heroism of our enemies and belittled the devotion of our own soldiery, until it is accounted quite as honorable to have served the Confederacy as to have fought for the Union; there seems to be no good reason why our friend's prediction should not be fulfilled to the letter, and the insignia of the Kuklux Klan, even in our lifetime, be accounted as honorable a memento as the ribbon of the Grand Army of the Republic. Such a result would be no more wonderful than others which the last twenty years have revealed.

The time for apology is past. The North has excused and condoned the fault. The time has now come for justification, and assault upon the enemies and detractors of the Klan. This the author does not omit. That people assailed by masked and murderous conspirators calling themselves Kuklux, commonly known as Kuklux, and wearing the garb and emblems of the Klan, should pass laws which bore somewhat heavily upon the fun-loving gentlemen of Pulaski, was, no doubt, a great outrage. It seems a little queer to think that criminals should allege the severity of the laws enacted for their suppression as an excuse for their crimes; but we shall, no doubt, get used to it in time and learn to regard Thomas, and Brownlow, and others, who enacted, and sought to enforce, laws for the suppression of the Klan as genuine nineteenth-century Neros, and to look upon the Kuklux Klan as the real saviors of all that is worth saving in the land. It is a bold and timely plea that the author makes. The South surrendered at Appomattox, and the North has been surrendering ever since. It has followed up its four years of war with twenty years of apology, and it is eminently fitting that the demand should now be made, through the columns of a great magazine, for apology to the promoters of that second and greater rebellion, which won its way to favor through organized terror, unlawful violence, and midnight murder. The nation has abased itself by a cowardly desertion of those whom it was bound to protect and aid by every consideration of honor and decency. It is fitting that those who defied its laws, and subverted its authority, should now demand apology for questionable imputations. If only they do not demand damages in the shape of an appropriation, the country will probably submit. Perhaps we might even be willing to go a little further, for the sake of peace, and to be assured that there would be no further dissatisfaction. Why not erect a statue to Jeff Davis, and another to the Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire, and set them side by side under the dome of the Capitol, as unmatched examples for future generations? It would be a little hard on the people of the North at first, but they would soon get used to it, and have deserved nothing better at the hands of those to whom they have truckled so long that they begin to glory in their abasement.



HARDLY a man in the medical profession has done more practical and efficient work in popularizing common sense methods of treatment than Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, who, though a thorn in the flesh of his more pretentious and empirical brethren, bears after his name the significant initials which tell how thoroughly the various scientific societies have recognized his labors. From the beginning prevention rather than cure has been his method. Not a phase of life has been untouched, and his "Ideal City" years ago gave the aim and hope of his life; a city in which every individual, public and private, had mastered sanitary and hygienic laws and built up the homes which are a less impossible accomplishment than the discouraged dweller in the city of to-day may believe. Food, dwelling-houses, alcohol in its uses and abuses, each and all have had from him a popular yet scientific handling, and it is natural that the long-continued observations of a busy life should at last find permanent shape in the bulky octavo, "The Field of Disease."<sup>1</sup> Let no devotee to patent medicine or home-made nostrums open the book with the expectation of new formulas for new and untried doses. The average American, or, rather, the average Anglo-Saxon the world over, delights in pills and powders, in lotions and tinctures and elixirs, and swallows them with an enthusiasm inexplicable to other nationalities. The stomachs of the tenth or twelfth century, inured to unnumbered horns of mead and metheglin or goblets of sack and canary, had no power of response to any simple dose and demanded the complex and nauseous mixtures to be found still in old family receipt-books or the annals of medical practice. It is a remnant of the old tendency perhaps—a reminder of the days known as the "good old times," in which beastliness was the foundation of much daily living, and stupidity the portion for all save a few. We are further away and better developed than these misguided guzzlers and gormandizers, but the experience of the close observer to-day indicates that there is still room for improvement.

Dr. Richardson has studied both past and present, watched the course of the varying schools of medicine, with eyes keen enough to discern whatever good has lain in each, and while he smiles at the tempestuous wordy wars of all, sighs at the waste of time and the absurd misconceptions of each others purposes and aspirations. Belonging himself to the curative school, which meets the disease after its appearance, and does not necessarily take count of previous conditions, he has, by temperament and conviction, been forced to enter the preventive ranks. His work is to harmonize opposing forces, and thus he writes: "The grand work of this era is to reconcile the two different schools; to systematize the preventive part of medical science, so far as that is now known; to bring the preventive part into entire accord with the remedial; to let the world at large understand the interrelationships which exist between the two parts; and, by a sympathy of action, based on knowledge, to enable every man and woman to assist in that part which tends toward prevention."

That an absolute diagnosis applicable to any and all,

(1) THE FIELD OF DISEASE. A Book of Preventive Medicine. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 737, \$4.00; Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., Philadelphia.



can be made, the intelligent reader will know to be impossible. No matter how carefully each disease or phase of disease may be described, and throughout the book there is minute care in this direction, no two individuals are ever affected in precisely the same manner, and thus there may even be failure to meet the special case brought as test by the individual reader. No one is better aware of this than Dr. Richardson himself, who writes of this very point: "I ask no pardon for apparent or real failure wherever it occurs, because I am sure that frequent failure in this stage of human knowledge is inevitable. At the same time I know at the outset that the attempt cannot be laboriously made by any one without securing some success, since by such an attempt the general reader may be led to learn certain facts which will be useful to him as facts, though he cast all generalizations to the wind as learned dust. By such an attempt the critical reader may be led to go deeper than he has gone, perchance into a subject worthy of his criticism, and may thereby have the opportunity of giving to the world a good market of his own, founded on my imperfections. Lastly, by such an attempt, the candid, thoughtful, and original students of nature in the future—and they are the men and women I would specially win—may be induced to follow out, with greater knowledge and wisdom than pertains to me, the height of this argument, and from their more commanding position to recast it perfected."

The most captious critic must be disarmed by the modest dignity of this introductory chapter, and in any case, disarmed or not, will find abundant food for thought in the chapters of the second part, in which methods of prevention in hereditary, atmospheric, and climatic, industrial and social diseases are treated. The volume is divided into books, and these books into parts, each chapter of which takes up a phase of the point under consideration. The origins and causes of diseases are first discussed, followed by a practical summary of preventions; general, local, and acquired diseases being the natural order of arrangement. New names and terms are avoided as much as possible, the classification used by the best scholars being accepted, and the simple style and apt illustration and comment make it of equal value to the practitioner or patient. It is certain that the progressive members of the profession are firmly convinced that something more than cure is their business. The admirable little series of "Health Primers,"<sup>2</sup> which have had wide acceptance, are an indication of this, and a well-written article on any sanitary or hygienic topic is sure of many readers. In the matter of food, Matthieu Williams, with his "Chemistry of Cookery," Sir Henry Thompson, and other names as prominent, are doing much to bring about the era prophesied by Dr. Richardson. That Sir Henry Thompson's "Food and Feeding"<sup>3</sup> should have passed into a third edition, indicates the degree of popular interest, the articles which compose the volume having been enlarged from their original form in the *Nineteenth Century*, their charming style as well as real scientific value making this the thing naturally to be expected. It is quite legitimate to include, also, under the head of "Prevention" the valuable little book in which William Blaikie gives a series of exercises intended to make "Sound Bodies for Our Boys and

Girls,"<sup>4</sup> its plan being based on that of his earlier and widely popular "How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So." In both of these he urges strenuously that exercise must include in its training "good food, ample sleep, and no stimulants," fresh air, and plenty of it, being taken for granted. Common sense is plainly driving out quackery, and adherence to old methods simply because they are old, this latter fact finding illustration in an admirable little pamphlet by Dr. F. W. Rockwell, one of the most successful and enthusiastic surgeons of Brooklyn, who, in his "Antiseptic Surgery in Private Practice,"<sup>5</sup> demonstrates how thoroughly the new and simple system has done away, not only with suffering, but with all the cumbrous dressings and appliances of the past. In short, a new era is upon us. The preachers are many and convincing; the doctrine undeniably and unescapably true. It remains to be seen how far practice is to follow, and from whom.

ALREADY there is a hint of holiday publications, Roberts Brothers having in preparation as a gift-book a finely illustrated edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Paris: Historical, Social and Artistic."

THE effect of constant immigration on the future of the United States is considered in a volume soon to be published in England. The author, Mr. Daniel Pidgeon, is an English traveler of much common sense, whose "An Engineer's Holiday" has already proved him a graphic and thoughtful writer.

MR. WALTER SATTERLEE has completed for Prang & Co. a humorous series of Gnome designs, which represent the merry men of the fairy ring busily engaged in painting the holly berries and polishing up the leaves in anticipation of Christmas jollity. They will publish also a series of studies from American child life, by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and a series of cards, by Miss Fidelia Bridges, representing bird and flower life in the Japanese manner.

A SECOND edition of the "Delsarte System of Oratory" has been prepared by the publisher, who has added the treatise of Madame Arnaud, and an essay by Delsarte on "The Attributes of Reason," found in his desk after his death. The system has become widely known, and the handsomely printed volume containing it, with its numerous diagrams and figures, will be found one of the best manuals for pupils in elocution. (12mo, pp. 116, \$2.00. Edgar S. Werner, Albany.)

WE had never heard of Louise Imogen Guiney, and had never seen in the magazines any of the poems in "Songs at the Start." The greater, therefore, has been our surprise and pleasure in verses which betray not only the true poetic instinct, but the instinct of originality in poetic treatment. They exhibit thought, tenderness and humor, and are singularly simple while singularly suggestive and often beautiful. They will please many different readers, as they are very varied in subject and in style. (16mo, \$1.00; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.)

ILLUSTRATED catalogues have now come to such degree of excellence that to cast them aside would be desecration, and this is especially the case with two lately issued by Cassell & Company, "National Academy Notes," pp. 192, 50 cents, and "The United States Art Directory and Year Book," compiled by S. R. Koehler, an astonishing amount of information being incorporated in the carefully

(2) HEALTH MANUALS. Edited by W. W. Keen. With Illustrations. Three vols. in one, pp. 157-160-121, \$1.25; F. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

(3) FOOD AND FEEDING. By Sir Henry Thompson. With an Appendix. Third Edition. Considerably Enlarged. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 173, \$1.25; Frederick Warne & Co., London and New York.

(4) SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. By William Blaikie. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 163, 75 cents; Harper & Brothers.

(5) ANTISEPTIC SURGERY IN PRIVATE PRACTICE. By Frank W. Rockwell, M. D., Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn. Paper, pp. 12; D. Appleton & Co.

printed pages. From the same publishers comes a neat "Illustrated Guide to Paris," with map and carefully prepared descriptive text, all for the very moderate price of forty cents.

THE "Standard Library" is but one phase of the activity of Funk & Wagnalls, whose presses turn out not only a long list of theological works, but subscription books also. One of the most attractive of these latter is "The Mothers of Great Men, and Women, and Some Wives of Great Men," by Laura C. Holloway, known as one of the most successful workers in this field. The book is a handsomely printed octavo, with numerous illustrations, and is said to have already met with marked favor. (Cloth, 8vo, pp. 647, \$3.00.)

AMONG a variety of books of this character, none will gratify a refined taste more than the "Ruskin Birth-Day Book; a Selection of Thoughts, Mottoes, and Aphorisms for Every Day in the Year." The selections are made with unusual care, and embody some of the brightest and wisest of the thoughts of the master who challenges attention and admiration, if he does not always command assent. It is remarkable, though, how many of these aphorisms embody universal truths in a form alike graceful and elegant. (Small quarto, \$2.50; John Wiley & Sons.)

In a very simple and unpretending little volume, Mr. Andrew James Symington gives "Hints to Our Boys." It is possible that the wisdom of fifteen or eighteen may reject them, but it is certain that their quiet good sense and justice will be recognized a little later, when actual contact with life has begun to teach even the most confident that their knowledge may require a supplement. Fathers will find many wise suggestions, and the reader will be inclined to agree fully with the final paragraph of the pleasant introduction furnished by Dr. Lyman Abbott: "The father who should succeed in thoroughly instilling the principles of this unpretending little volume into the mind and heart of his son would insure him against those perils which most frequently make wreck of men." (16mo, pp. 170, 75 cents; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

"NEIGHBORS' WIVES," by J. T. Trowbridge, became a popular favorite many years ago, and its appearance in a new edition will be welcomed by many. Nothing less like the novel of the day could well be conceived; for, while motives and causes find description here and there, it is outward incident and the familiar life of a New England village that have largest place. The fortunes of two families are given at length, and Mr. Trowbridge's quiet humor is displayed in various scenes, notably Mrs. Apjohn's encounter with Turk, the dog, in her raid on her neighbor's tomato vines, and in the unintended half-suicide of her husband. Precisely what it is that prevents the elements used in the plot from impressing themselves more fully on the reader it is hard to say. At the most critical points there is often a sense of inadequacy in the writer, and a certain flatness that mars what would otherwise be very distinctive work. But it is a sound and wholesome picture of life, and may be accepted as thus far better worthy of place than much of the more pretentious work of the day. (12mo, pp. 318, \$1.50; Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

To the multitude who have laboriously acquired the *argot* of art, and who believe its first essential to be incomprehensibility of statement as to its methods and aims, there will undoubtedly be a severe shock in the pages of "Lectures on Painting," by Edward Armitage, R.A. Nothing simpler in form or more direct in statement could well be imagined. Technicalities are, as far as possible, omitted, and any one interested in art will find here a sensible and most independent guide. The lectures cover the period of the author's professorship in the Royal Academy from 1876 to 1892, and are illustrated by

reproductions of the explanatory sketches made in white chalk at the time of delivery, and thus necessarily crude though very suggestive memoranda. Engravings were used profusely, but the plan of the volume forbade their reproduction. Ancient costumes are first described, and there are careful chapters on drawing, color, decorative painting, finish, etc., the most entertaining portion being the discussion of "David" and his school, and of the modern schools of Europe. The volume is a beautiful specimen of the best American book-making. (Crown 8vo, pp. 337, \$1.75; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

It is fortunate for every admirer of the most distinctive and powerful work of Mr. Charles Edward Craddock that the short stories which thus far have been his only gift to the public are gathered into book form. "In the Tennessee Mountains," the title chosen for the various sketches which have for a year or so appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is by all odds one of the most remarkable books of the year; as faithful in giving every shade and inflection of dialect as Mr. Cable in his creole delineations, and adding to this so thorough a comprehension of these not easily comprehended phases of life, as to take rank at once among the few who are doing work not only powerful as analytic studies, but full of that intangible spiritual quality the analytical novel lacks. The silence and mystery of the mountains, the dumb, limited, half-brutal, yet often noble and as often tragic lives of the men and women shut in by them, have never found clearer interpreter. Whether the same strength would be felt in more substantial work cannot yet be told; but it is certain that many of the elements demanded for that always expected American novel are here in full measure, and that a new note has been struck, resonant, musical, and penetrating at once to the heart. There must be more to come, and we wait confidently for whatever it may be, taking courage in this fresh proof that the analytical school is not the dominant one after all, and that there are still infinite possibilities of pleasure for the readers who hope always for deeper work than we are, as a rule, allowed to receive. (12mo, pp. 332, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TO THE impartial reader who has carefully followed Mr. Savage's line of thought in his recent "Beliefs About the Bible," it will be difficult to understand the animus which has filled many notices of it. It is iconoclastic, but it is also reverent. Ingersolism finds no place in its pages. It is the thought of a deeply critical but as deeply reverent soul seeking to harmonize the essential elements of the book with the spirit of to-day. It is idle for any but the wilfully blind and deaf to insist that the attitude of to-day toward the Bible must be precisely that of the past, and that development and progress must be accepted in everything but the deepest issues of life. The liberal element among the orthodox accepts the situation, and from every pulpit which holds a reasonable and thinking expounder of the faith comes a unanimous attempt to sift out the non-essential and discover what may be held to firmly. That Mr. Savage ranks with radical Unitarians will prejudice many, yet it is safe to say that the clear statement of what the book is *not* will do more to aid the sceptical to a sense of its place than any exaggerated statement of what it is. There are times when doubt is a far more genuine token of spiritual life than any passive acceptance. While the present volume is in some points sketchy and imperfect—necessarily so from its limitations—it is the thought of an honest, reverent mind "seeking earnestly the best things," and believing that no revelation can be called complete; that we are not restricted to an outlook on the world as Hebrew eyes only have seen it, but may use experience, as it has borne fruit in every generation, and believe that we are growing nearer instead of farther from the Source of light in this march of the ages. (12mo, pp. 206, \$1.50; George H. Ellis, Boston.)

It is doubtful if any more careful or sympathetic study of "Balzac" has ever been made than that to be found in the pages of the beautifully-printed volume in which Mr. Edgar Evertson Saltus has given the result of much painstaking labor. While many of the details are familiar, their chronological order is less so, and the book is biography as well as analysis. With a self-valuation hardly inferior to that of Victor Hugo, the character of Balzac is far simpler, and one accepts his own estimate of his powers with a sense that he had the right to rank himself where he did. An anchorite in personal habits, he was yet sybarite in tastes, and lived, first to accumulate the fortune which should pay his overwhelming debts, the result of unlucky speculations, and then give him the palace to which he had looked forward from childhood. It is a phenomenal career, and one not to be envied, even if it did include work that is hardly matched in its profound knowledge of human nature, or in exquisite finish of style. To be celebrated, rich, and beloved had been the three ardent desires of his life. Through toils that read often like a nightmare—frightful exhaustion, nervous delusions, every phase of physical oppression, that might have shown him what road he was following, he came at last to all three. The woman he had loved for years was his wife, his fortune was secure, and his fame beyond even his dreams. "It was all too beautiful," writes Mr. Saltus; "nothing remained but death, and five months after his marriage, on the 20th of August, 1850, after thirty years of ceaseless toil, at the very moment when the world was his, Balzac, as a finishing touch to his own "Etudes Philosophiques," died suddenly of disease of the heart." From the aphorisms thick on the pages of his countless volumes, Mr. Saltus has selected a few of the most characteristic, and set them in a chapter entitled "The Thinker." Philosopher, thinker, and poet speak by turns, and, while cynicism is the most evident trait, there are intuitions, reverent and full of the best that the great brain could seize and shape into form. We are not likely to turn to Balzac for spiritual refreshment, but it is certain that his power was unique and enormous, and that the student of human nature will find in him the key to many problems. A carefully-prepared Bibliography gives additional value to the little book, which will hold the attention of every reader. (12mo, pp. 190, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, by William Blaikie, with illustrations. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 168, 75 cents; Harper & Bros.

DEARLY BOUGHT. A novel. By Clara Louise Burnham. Hammock series. 12 illustrations. 16mo, pp. 396, \$1.00. Henry A. Sumner, Chicago.

WIT, WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Edited by Giles P. Hawley. Standard Library. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 225, \$1.00; Funk & Wagnalls.

RESURRECTION IN NATURE AND IN REVELATION. An Argument and a Meditation. By D. W. Faunce, D. D. 12mo, pp. 280, \$1.50; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OF THE ANCIENT EASTERN WORLD. OR THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES OF CHALDEA, ASSYRIA, BABYLON, ETC. By George Rawlinson. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III., pp. 555-629, \$1.00 per vol.; John B. Alden & Co.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Anton Grindely. Translated by Andrew Ten Brook. With an Introductory and a Concluding Chapter by the Translator. Complete in Two Volumes. Twenty-eight illustrations and Two Maps. 8vo, pp. 456, \$4.00; S. P. Putnam's Sons.

NATIONAL ACADEMY NOTES. Including the Complete Catalogue of the Fifty-ninth Spring Exhibition, National Academy of Design, New York. 122 illustrations, 115 of Them Reproduced from Drawings by the Artists, etc. Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. Paper, 12mo, 50 cents; Cassell & Co. (Limited).

UNITED STATES NOTES: a History of the Various Issues of Paper Money, by the Government of the United States, by John Jay Knox, with an Appendix containing the Recent Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Dissenting Opinion Upon the Legal Tender Question. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 247, \$2.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the number of the query, and not to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—The bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question to which the context is an answer.

(Continued from No. 122.)

## Questions.

183.—WHAT is supposed to have been the reason for the construction of the mounds that exist along the Western river-bottoms? The theory of their being intended for places of sepulture does not seem to satisfy all of the conditions. Rex.

Mr. Charles Dimitry, of New Orleans, some two years ago possessed an hypothesis that the mounds and earthenworks in the Western river-bottoms were intended for places of refuge for the people and their stock in time of high water in floods. His theory received some striking illustrations during the recent expedition of the relief-steamers *Tensas* to the flooded districts of Red River. The water was found rushing through the crevasses with a loud noise. Trinity was completely submerged, and at Troy the situation was little better. With the exception of a few buildings erected upon mounds (among the largest in the United States), all had succumbed to the water. The graveyard on one of the mounds had become a rendezvous for stock, pigs, sheep and human beings. At Lamarque, in Concordia Parish, where the water stood six feet deep, the stock were cared for on mounds or in houses. The original mound-builders and the early settlers were, indeed, wiser in their generation than any of the children of this later day. They were accustomed to build their houses on posts or brick pillars, and let the river have its way. The local inhabitants of the present day, however, attempt to confine within bounds a river which can never be confined by human agency.

184—[116]—The "Story of a China Plate" (willow pattern) was published in a little paper called the "Tea Cup," issued by the Oriental Tea Company of Boston, 89 Court Street. The year I do not know, but think it was 1876. It was published in "Little's Living Age," No. 311, May 2, 1880, where it was copied from an English publication, name not given. It has also been printed in an English juvenile magazine called the "Chat-terbox" in 1873 or 1875. A. S. C.

185—Is Arkansas, or any part of it, in the cyclone belt?

G. L. W.



Arkansas may not be regarded as in the cyclone belt proper of the North American Continent, but terribly destructive cyclones or tornadoes are likely to occur within its borders. Have occurred there, unless we are mistaken, within a year. Such storms indeed may and do occur at times in any part of the world, though the region in which they are of frequent occurrence is comparatively limited.

186—How should "Dr. Sevier" be pronounced?

Mr. Cable pronounces it Seveer, and he ought to know.

187—Is the following Latin prayer properly ascribed to Mary Queen of Scots, and is there a good versified translation of it?

A. K.

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te!  
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!  
In duar cantenă, in miseră penă desidero te!  
Languendo, gemendo et genuflectendo,  
Adoro, implo-ro, ut liberes me!"

Swinburne has translated it as follows:

"O Lord, my God,  
I have trusted in thee!  
O Jesus, my dearest one,  
Now set me free!  
In prison's oppression,  
In sorrow's obsession,  
I weary for thee!  
With sighing and crying,  
Bowed down as dying,  
I adore thee, I implore thee,  
Set me free!"

It is generally admitted that the unfortunate Mary was the real author.

188—ARE the names of the two thieves known who were crucified one on either side of the Saviour?

E. X.

Their names are variously given by different authorities, or, rather, by different traditions, claiming, with more or less color of truth, to be authorities. If any of our readers have any theories to propound on the subject, they will be received with thanks, and made such use of as the interest of the subject seems to warrant.

189—WHERE is Waterloo, the famous battle-ground upon which Napoleon was defeated?

E. E. W.

It is related of a well-known American statesman that during a recent visit to London he took a carriage to see the sights, and was driven to Waterloo Bridge. As they were crossing that notable structure the driver mentioned its name. "Ah!" said our statesman, "Waterloo Bridge, eh? I say, driver, where's the field?" Jehu, probably thinking that some rural region or park was meant, replied that it was "a bit farther on." "Well," was the comment, "I guess Bony pretty near fetched 'em that time." Without intimating that our correspondent is as ignorant as was our alleged statesman, it is not uncommon to find people whose ideas as to the locality where the famous battle was fought are extremely vague. Waterloo is a small and insignificant village in the province of South Brabant, in Belgium. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is distant about nine miles, in a N.N.E. direction, so that Byron's poetical assertion that the canons' opening roar was heard in the capital may not have been altogether imaginary. By far the best account of the battle, and of the preceding actions, are found in "Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo," by Mr. Dorsey Gardner. This, indeed, is the only exhaustive account of these engagements that has ever been prepared by an unprejudiced author.

190—I HAVE found the following lines in a local paper, credited only to "an exchange." I fancy that they were written by an acquaintance. Can you help me to ascertain?

E. N. T.

#### THE JUNE ROSE.

As anxious waits a doubting lover  
The opening of his love's bright eyes,  
So lingers yet to brood and hover  
The laggard spring, where sleeping lies  
A pale green bud, that warm, protected,  
Within its couch of soft young leaves,  
Heeds not the breeze, which half dejected  
At its reluctance, sighs and grieves;  
Yet, loving, fans the closed lids tender  
And o'er its couch such perfume blows  
And such sweet homage waits to render,  
It wakes and smiles—the rare June rose.

The lines were originally published in the *Chicago Current*, and are by Hannah Hearne, which may or may not be a *nom-de-plume*.

191—WHICH of the existing streets in New York are among the oldest. I mean which are the oldest names still retained? And please inform me whether any street names extant in the early history of the city became extinct later on. There are some apparently important documents in my possession, involving property rights, which I wish to verify without permitting the exact facts to go out of my own keeping.

H. Vn. K.

Our correspondent forgot to enclose the usual professional honorarium for searching titles; but no matter. He is welcome to the parts that happen to be at hand, and when he secures his inheritance in consequence of the information thus secured, let him remember that five per cent on the total amount involved will not be an excessively large fee under the circumstances. One of the oldest known maps gives the following names of streets still extant: Whitehall, Pearl, Stone, Market, Beaver, New, Nassau, Maiden Lane and John streets. Ann street then did not end at Broadway, but ran into Kap street, as it was called, which street ended at the "High road to Boston." Fulton street seems to have been known as Fair street, judging from its position on the map. Beekman street was known as "Beekman's Swamp"—at any rate, it does not appear as a street. Among the names which have disappeared are Crown, now known as Liberty street, King, now called Pine street, and Queen, then the fashionable street of the city, but now known as Pearl street. Dock street, Vandercliffs street, Frankford, Rutgers Hill, George street, Smith street, Marketfield street and Fair street—all, or nearly all of these names have now disappeared from the city map. The extension of Broadway is a "rope walk," as it was called; Cherry street ends in Swamp Meadow; all above this on the east side of Broadway is marked "Common;" William street ends at a windmill, and this stands at the limit of the territory covered by the map, or nearly on a line with the Astor House. The map is, according to its date, one hundred and fifty-six years old, and is in the possession of F. J. Abbott, Esq., of this city.

192—WHY is buttermilk recommended as a good summer drink?

E. C. S.

In warm weather it is common to feel a great longing for something sour, and the desire is too often gratified by free indulgence in pickles and vegetables acidulated with vinegar. This longing indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions of the stomach, and the demand for an artificial supply is a natural one, but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and therefore one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

